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THE PASTORAL PLAYS AT COOMBE HOUSE: "THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESSE."

OUR NOTE BOOK

Thought-reading, mesmerism, and parlour spiritualism will soon have another rival for the credulity of the public. A youth has been discovered in China who is gifted with powers of vision greater than can be acquired even with the assistance of the strongest telescope. The boy, it is alleged, can see what occurs hundreds of miles off; and though he was born in the provinces, he has been giving, by command of the Emperor, a *séance* at Peking, the result of which, if true, certainly stamps him as one of the prodigies of the age. His method is as simple as that of a fortune-teller on a race-course. He looks on the palm of his hand, and sees battles which are raging three-days' journey away; nor is his talent confined to such important objects as war; for, with equal ease, he observed a party in an adjoining street partaking of a humble meal of macaroni. Certainly, he must now make a *détour* of London drawing-rooms, and give entertainments in West-End halls, if indeed he is not anticipated by other geniuses, who, having heard of his performance, will learn to do the trick as well as he does before he has time to reach our shores.

Poor Mr. Mellor—the "ingenious farm-labourer," who stuck at nothing up—or down—to rank perjury; who procured the registration of his own death and succeeded in drawing the burial-money, was then reduced by circumstances to common horse-stealing, and had been "wanted," for a month or more, by that Police Force of which he was himself for a while an ornament—has at last been captured, taken before the Leek magistrates, and, no doubt, by this time, "dealt with as the law directs."

Now that hot weather and the increasing number of outdoor entertainments are making business bad for theatrical managers, they are looking about for extraordinary attractions to induce the public to remain under a roof during the evening instead of seeking relaxation in the open air. It is to be hoped that none of them will fix on a show similar to one to be opened shortly in Paris. Some time during the past century, a Frenchman, whose taste can hardly be called "nice," took it into his head to form a collection of the skeletons of hunchbacks, cripples, and other deformities. This horrid collection has for years been disregarded, and has been stored away in an unused museum at the Jardin des Plantes. Lately it has been brought to light, and we are told that many enterprising showmen have made large offers for the privilege of exhibiting the ghastly treasure. The anxiety does not speak well for the refinement of Parisian amusement seekers; but, whether the proposed exhibition turn out remunerative or not, we can confidently say that the importation to England of the collection would be most smartly resented by all classes—except, maybe, surgeons and students of anatomy—even in the existing dearth of novelty in entertainments.

The first warriors which our colonies have ever sent to assist the Mother Land in the battle-field have received a very handsome tribute at the hands of the Australian Executive. On June 29 there was a large public banquet given by the New South Wales Ministry at Sydney "in honour of the officers of the Soudan contingent." But why not in honour of the private soldiers also? Surely they are equally entitled to share in the complimentary recognition.

"Ouida," the novelist, who takes so great an interest in dumb animals generally, and in dogs particularly, has, in a recent private letter, expressed her regret at the present fashion which encourages the breed of smooth-coated dogs to the disadvantage of long-haired canine specimens. Many great and gifted persons have had unusual affection for dogs, and Miss La Ramée (Ouida) has pronounced her preference for the rough-coated St. Bernard over all others.

The newest thing in the way of fans is a gauze-like and colourless tissue painted with a small *chef-d'œuvre* by some well-known artist, whose autograph accompanies his work.

One of the most beautiful fabrics of modern days comes from Como, and is made of refuse silk. It is very thick, and the colours are brilliant; and for table-covers, curtains, portières, &c., nothing can surpass it.

The greatest novelty in flowers is a tea-rose of the most dazzling scarlet. It was originally grown in England, then taken over to America, and has now returned to us. It will be the great attraction at the forthcoming rose shows.

Another old and interesting landmark is soon to be destroyed. The oldest synagogue but one now existing in London is to be pulled down. This is the place of worship of the Portuguese Jews. It was built in Bevis Marks in the year 1701, and has until the last few years been numerously attended on the Sabbath. But people have grown richer, the City has grown wider, the world has become more tolerant, and the Israelites, who formerly confined themselves to one district in the City, are now to be found far and wide all over the metropolis and the suburbs. Synagogues have sprung up to suit their convenience in Bryanston-street, Great Portland-street, St. John's-wood, and Bayswater, and gradually the congregation of the central synagogue have become dispersed, until it is not worth while to keep the building any longer. Although Cromwell in 1658 incited the Jews to return to England, it was not until 1691 that the first synagogue was permitted to be built, and that was erected by the German congregation in Duke-street, Aldgate, to be followed by the one soon to be demolished. As late as 1678, some of the most wealthy of the community were indicted for meeting to celebrate public worship, and some years later others

were arrested for not attending church. But they have prevailed, and now have no compunctions in abandoning their old synagogue, for they can buy land when and where they please. Neither of these was the absolutely first Jewish synagogue in London; for, says Maitland, "On the south side of this street (Lothbury) westward, at the end of the Old Jewry, stood the first synagogue of the Jews in England, which was defaced by the citizens of London after they had slain seven hundred Jews (five hundred, according to another authority) and spoiled the residue of their goods, in the year 1262 (this ought to be 1264), the forty-seventh of Henry III." The Portuguese Jews retain their right of burial within the City, at Mile-end.

Our Continental brethren, who are so fond of "cures," long ago discovered that buttermilk was extremely advantageous in many cases of consumption, and there are establishments in various parts of France to which patients resort for the purpose of taking it. It has now been observed by several physicians that those who drink buttermilk never suffer from thirst, and they declare that dipsomaniacs are sooner reformed on a regimen of this nature than on any other. It sounds very simple, but *qui vivra, verra*.

A very good and somewhat stupendous work for the benefit of invalid and weakly children is carried on by a committee at Geneva. Every summer they send off a number of them to a large house at Certe, near Montpellier, in the south of France, where they have six weeks' holiday and sea-bathing. No less than seventy-four were thus dispatched on June 25 in the most orderly fashion. Early in the morning the parents brought them to the railway station, each little creature being furnished with a small bag of clothes and a packet of provisions for the journey, of eighteen hours' duration. They were received at Certe by kind friends, who devote themselves to taking care of them during their stay; and the news of their safe arrival was telegraphed to the Geneva committee, who forthwith inserted a copy of the message in the daily papers. If similar bodies in the densely populated cities of England were to do likewise on a proportionate scale, they would never have to send the children on a journey that would occupy more than four or five hours.

Madame Adelina Patti is extremely good-natured to young people who have good voices and seem likely to distinguish themselves in her own profession if they have a little help at the beginning, and, like other kind-hearted folk, she sometimes gets imposed on. During her recent visit to the United States, she was driving one day through Philadelphia, and in passing a small cook-shop heard a remarkably powerful voice wretchedly accompanied by a cracked violin. She stopped and sent for the singer, who came forward hesitatingly, and proved to be a poor sunburnt girl, with touzled hair and raiment of the dirty-fine order. Patti invited her to her hotel the next day, and she came; and, moreover, sang to such good purpose that the *diva* pronounced her voice to be of unusual power and compass, and well worth cultivation. She therefore offered to take the girl to Europe and put her in the way of a thorough musical education, and a few hours later had an interview with the father, a rough carpenter, who had no objection to surrender his paternal rights in consideration of a handsome sum of money. Patti's protégée behaved so extraordinarily on her voyage to Liverpool that as soon as our Queen of Song landed she sent for a medical and musical friend, who made a strict examination and discovered the young singer to be a boy, who then confessed that his father had made him wear girl's clothes as a street-singer, and had not thought it necessary to explain the deception to the new found friend. It is needless to say that he went back in the next steamer with a few pounds in his pocket.

Professor Pflüger, the celebrated Swiss oculist, has just performed a wonderful and perfectly successful operation on the eyes of a lad of sixteen, a native of Fribourg, who had been blind from his birth. The Professor found that the eyes were perfectly healthy, though the visual nerves were insensible to the action of light; but, having discovered and removed the cause of this insensibility, the lad was at once able to see. It will take a long time before he has any idea of forms, colours, or distances. Previous operations on the eyes of those who are born blind have always been made on infants, and the present instance is the first in which it has been attempted on anyone older.

Lord Salisbury pointed out the other day that it was dangerous to prophesy what would happen in political life. It is always dangerous to say what will happen in this world of surprises. In the early years of this century, Fox declared that it was impossible to resist the power of Napoleon; but we did resist it. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was supposed to inaugurate an age of peace, and a poet still living said that we had grown too wise for war; but three years later we were fighting in the Crimea, and we have not quite given over fighting yet. In 1861 Cobden advocated the separation of the Southern States of North America from the Union, and said it was the almost unanimous belief that the North could not subject the South; but the North succeeded notwithstanding. And don't we all know that Free Trade was to annihilate pauperism, and the Ballot to secure absolute purity of election? But, whatever good these measures may have effected, our political and social millenium has not yet arrived. We still pay our poor rates like good citizens, notwithstanding Free Trade; and it is not so very long ago that Mr. Justice Manisty declared, while the *Times* accepted the statement, that the Ballot had only added the vice of lying to the vice of corruption. We may think this judgment a mistaken one, but it proves, at all events, that the very palpable benefits foretold by political prophets have not yet been realised.

"We don't want no franchise, we wants a vote," was shouted out the other day at a political meeting by one of England's future masters. Perhaps the speaker is a descendant of the Radical farmer at Dover who, fifty years ago, refused to vote for Sir John Rae Reed. "No," he said; "I'll never support no man what votes against animal Parliaments and universal suffering."

It is, perhaps, almost forgotten by the majority that in 1871, during the Franco-German war, we had as great a scare about the deficiency of our coast and harbour defences as we have had lately about the weakness of the Navy. That time of excitement was marked by the birth of the turret-ships, which cannot be said to have proved very safe or very successful. One of them, the Cyclops, is just now being repaired and refitted at Portsmouth to meet modern requirements. She will be provided with the electric light, ground-mines, gun-cotton, magazines, and all the necessary mechanism for discharging Whitehead torpedoes; and is, moreover, to be armed with Nordenfeldt and Gardner machine-guns, and the new quick-firing shell-guns. All this will take about four months.

Cases of "cab law" are far more amusing than the jokes of "Joe Miller." The magistrate, or one of the magistrates, at Hammersmith Police Court may well have said the other day how "curious" he thought it that the only decision which he had in a certain dispute to go upon as a precedent is to this effect: If you hire a cabman within the radius and take him beyond, your shilling fare does not begin till you reach the extreme end of the radius; but if you hire him outside the radius, not only does your sixpenny fare not begin when you touch the radius, but it never begins at all. So that, if you took a cab a yard or two outside the radius and, as soon as you got within the radius, drove about your business without even going beyond the radius again, you would have to pay at the rate of the shilling fare as long as ever you kept the cab, unless you went through the absurd farce of discharging the cab at the radius and commencing a fresh hiring. The worthy magistrate, who thought it so "curious," said, nevertheless, that he should act upon the decision until it was overruled by super-magisterial authority. This "*esprit de corps*" is most admirable, suggesting the changement of a famous phrase into "how these magistrates love one another."

Nota bene: A few days ago there died, at the age of thirty-two, in St. Giles's Workhouse, W. Newhouse, ex-jockey, once a fashionable "light weight," whose name used to figure pretty prominently among the "winning jockeys," and who began his career with as much promise, perhaps, as was exhibited at first by the famous jockey whose name is now a household word among "turfiters," and whose prosperity gained for him the significant appellation of "The Timman." The Chifneys, too, for all their successes and celebrity, were always gravitating towards the workhouse; indeed, it would seem as if the most fortunate jockeys ought always to carry a little extra weight, just to steady them.

This week the thoughts of many have been occupied with rowing and its concomitants; and if any man knows of a prettier sight than Henley Regatta (when it does not rain, which is seldom), "let him now speak," as the marriage-service hath it, "or else hereafter for ever hold his peace." The best of it is that at Henley it is not a question between dark blue and light blue only (indeed, there is now very seldom, if ever, a meeting of the O.U.B.C. and the C.U.B.C.), but between college and college, school and college, school and school, club and club, between all peoples, nations, and languages, between all the colours of the rainbow.

The Library of the University of Parma is well known to be one of the largest and richest in the world, especially in rare and antique books. No less than 80,000 volumes are catalogued, and on the strength of this catalogue an English *savant* arrived a few days ago in order to consult a manuscript which could not be seen elsewhere. It was nowhere to be found, and the librarian, confident that only someone connected with the place could have removed it, had every member of his staff placed under police surveillance. In the course of a very few hours, the secretary, a certain Cavaliere Passini, was seen walking away with a good-sized parcel under his arm, and was at once arrested. The packet consisted of books, and in his pockets there were duplicate keys to all the book-cases. Five thousand volumes are said to be missing, and several hundreds have been found at Passini's lodgings. The rest he has probably sold at high prices on account of their rarity and intrinsic value.

Mr. John Roberts, jun., the billiard champion, has not been earning his monument in Westminster Abbey lately: he has been beaten in his last two matches by the dogged Mr. T. Taylor and by the accurate Mr. W. Cook. Of course, Mr. Roberts was heavily handicapped, giving 2000 points out of 12,000 last week to such a player—an ex-champion, too—as Mr. W. Cook, who won by 266 points only. Mr. Roberts, no doubt, achieved greatness by such a performance, but not enough for immortality and an effigy in marble.

With lovers of horse-racing, the watchword this week has been Bibury, or rather Stockbridge, where the members of the aristocratic Bibury Club live as it were in barracks, have all things in common, like the primitive Christians, and run their own races over the Stockbridge Course. Time was when the races were all strictly private, the horses all the property of members of the club, and the riders all (titularly) gentlemen, members of the club, no weight being under 10 st. The Stockbridge races proper, with the Stockbridge Cup, are a different affair altogether. In the North, the Northumberland Plate, fallen from its high estate since the days of "Unnyand" (Underhand), was the great attraction.

For cricketers and luncheon-eaters there has been at Lord's the fifty-first match (annual, since 1838) between the light blue of Cambridge and the dark blue of Oxford. Up to this year Cambridge had won twenty-five matches and Oxford twenty-three, with two (in 1827 and 1844, because of the rain) unfinished or "drawn." This year both elevens came up to the scratch or the "crease" with less than their usual reputation, having both, more than once this season, "taken an easy polish." Cambridge won their twenty-sixth match by seven wickets.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury made his first appearance as Prime Minister in the House of Lords, on Thursday, the 25th of June, before a large and illustrious assemblage. Not only were the balconies well occupied by Peers—the Marchioness of Salisbury being among the noblewomen in the gallery to the right of the Throne—but noble Lords filled the benches below; and crowded round the steps of the Throne, looking on, were a number of Peers' sons—Lord Robert Cecil, second son of the noble Marquis, in the front rank; several Privy Councillors; and many colleagues of the Conservative Premier, comprising Lord Randolph Churchill, curling his moustache as assiduously as if the cares of India were light as air; Mr. Gibson, towering as if proud of the Irish Lord Chancellorship; Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord John Manners, Sir Richard Cross, and Sir W. Hart-Dyke. Not wholly a full-fledged Lord Chancellor yet, Sir Hardinge Giffard still comported himself in a free and easy manner on the woolsack, the curious smile on his face seemingly saying, "Life's a joke, and all things show it: now I'm here, well I know it!" Beaming as blithely as if a change of Ministries were an everyday occurrence, Earl Granville sank naturally enough into his place as Leader of the Opposition, right or left of him sitting the Earl of Kimberley, the Earl of Derby, Earl Selborne, the Earl of Rosebery, and Lord Sydney. Radiant Lord Cranborne, Earl Beauchamp, Lord Lathom, Lord Harrowby, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Lord Mount-Edgumbe were among the Ministers who rallied to the front Ministerial bench in support of the noble Marquis, who has undertaken the dual task of conducting Foreign Affairs and acting as Prime Minister. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were present in their usual places on the cross-bench.

The Marquis of Salisbury's opening speech, delivered with the clearness and vigour for which reporters bless him, was manifestly intended in some sort as an answer to the documentary recital of Mr. Gladstone in the Lower House, on the previous day. Apart from the peculiarity of its grammar (which William Cobbett would dearly have loved to "crush, pulverise, and destroy," in sledge-hammer fashion), this correspondence of Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury with her Majesty was marked by two facts—namely, that the noble Marquis was at first disinclined to accept the responsibilities of office unless he obtained a distinct pledge that no opposition would be offered by the Liberal leaders to their successors' measures to meet the financial difficulties of the situation; and, secondly, that the late Premier, whilst quite ready to promise the new Ministry would not be embarrassed "in the conduct of the business of the country during the remainder of the Session," yet declined to commit the Liberal Party to entire approval of the Conservative policy and measures in advance. Lord Salisbury, cheered by his friends on rising, supplemented the voluminous letters read by Mr. Gladstone, and gave the reasons why he and his colleagues deemed it advisable, on the whole, to take office even in the face of considerable difficulties. There was a firmer ring in the tone of the noble Marquis when he declared the new Ministry would do their duty to their Queen and country, whether their lease of power should be long or short. Neat of fence as ever, Earl Granville, in the course of a genial speech, deprecated Lord Salisbury's apology for taking office; indicated pretty plainly that, in the event of the noble Marquis's failure to form a Government, Mr. Gladstone, like Barkis, would be "willin'"; and concluded by raising a laugh against the new Premier on the score of his protest against vaticination, when he had himself "given us the clearest prophecy that he intends to retain his present position for the next nine or ten years." This retort courteous tickled Lord Cranborne so hugely that he rocked on his seat with laughter, and bent forward to note how the hit had told with the Prime Minister himself. The House met on the morrow to see Sir Hardinge Giffard ceremoniously created a Peer of the realm as Baron Halsbury; and resplendent the Lord Chancellor looked in his gay scarlet robes.

Ministers will probably have settled down into their places more comfortably when both Houses meet again on Monday next.

The new Cabinet, comprised for the most part of noble Lords and right hon. gentlemen who have had considerable experience of office as colleagues of the late Lord Beaconsfield, was portrayed in the last Number of this Journal. Whilst the brilliant young leader of the "Fourth Party" takes one of the most onerous offices in the Cabinet, the three staunch allies of Lord Randolph Churchill are provided for. Sir H. Drummond-Wolf, who was thought to be bidding for nothing less than the Foreign Secretaryship, is temporarily content to proceed as Ambassador Extraordinary to Egypt. Aiming at the Home Secretaryship, Mr. Arthur Balfour has gained the post vacated by Sir Charles Dilke. Bidding for the Woolsack, Mr. Gorst secures a rung of the legal ladder, and is Solicitor-General. Mr. Webster (not Mr. Edward Clarke) is Attorney-General. Mr. Henry Chaplin as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Baron Henry De Worms as Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. David Plunket as Chief Commissioner of Works; Mr. Bourke as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Sir W. Hart-Dyke as Chief Secretary for Ireland; Sir Henry Holland as Financial Secretary to the Treasury; Mr. H. S. Northcote as Financial Secretary to the War Department; and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, will bestow more or less dignity on the Treasury Bench. Another ornamental member of the Ministry in the Lower House will be Viscount Folkestone, Treasurer of the Queen's Household. In the Upper House, the Earl of Dunraven will be likely to afford signal help to the Ministry as Under-Secretary for the Colonies; and Lord Harris has a chance to win his spurs as Under-Secretary for India. One of Lord Salisbury's most happy appointments is the Earl of Lathom as Lord Chamberlain. Lord Garmoyne, or Earl Cairns, makes his maiden effort as a private secretary of the Duke of Richmond.

Profuse have been the honours bestowed. The Earl of Kimberley may be said to have richly deserved the Garter. Following Mr. Gladstone's ascetic example, Mr. C. P. Villiers and Mr. Samuel Morley have begged to be excused the honour of a peerage. Not so, Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, Sir Robert Collier, and Sir Arthur Hobhouse. They, with Lord Henley and Viscount Powerscourt, have accepted Baronies. The Earl of Breadalbane gets a Marquisate; and the Earl of Fife's hospitality to Royalty is rewarded by the grant of the patent of an Earldom of the United Kingdom. While Mr. John Everett Milais, R.A., Mr. C. Tennant, M.P., Mr. Errington, M.P., Mr. Thomas Thornhill, Mr. Jardine, M.P., Mr. Thomas Brocklebank, of Springwood, and Mr. James Lowthian Bell have accepted baronetcies; Mr. Watts, R.A., has declined the distinction. Mr. Edward C. Baring found a peerage too tempting to resist. Mr. Henry Edwards, M.P., is knighted. Finally, the Conservative Party in the Commons lose the valuable services of Mr. Rowland Winn as Whip, the glass of fashion and mould of form being elevated to the Lords as Baron St. Oswald, of Nostell. Mr. Gibson takes the title of Lord Ashbourne.

Too strong to be unseated, Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Arthur Balfour were on Monday re-elected without opposition.

for Westminster and Hertford, respectively. Several other Ministers were similarly fortunate on Tuesday. But at Launceston, Mr. Pethick, Liberal, was nominated against Mr. R. E. Webster, the Attorney-General; and at Woodstock there is a lively opposition against Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Corrie Grant, an able speaker and strong opponent, receiving much favour at the hands of the Liberals. Another daring Radical journalist, Mr. Mervyn L. Hawkes, has taken the field against Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett at Eye.

The most significant political fact of the week, however, was the reading of Mr. Gladstone's important letter to the electors of Midlothian, on Monday. Though Lord Rosebery appeared a little dubious, it was palpable enough that Mr. Gladstone has no intention of retiring from the leadership of the Liberal Party at present. Midlothian hopes the right hon. gentleman will conduct a second triumphant campaign in the autumn.

BOOKS OF SPORT.

Until comparatively recent times the number of angling books might have been easily counted. They have now multiplied into quite a voluminous literature. The Westwood and Satchell "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" of 1883 registered 3158 editions and reprints of 2148 distinct works more or less relating to fish and fishing. That the majority have a strong family likeness may be readily imagined. We would not care to enumerate how many times references have been made by angling writers to Dame Juliana Berners, to Antony and Cleopatra, or to Dr. Johnson and his brusque cockneyism. Even the *Angler and the Loop-Rod* (Blackwood and Sons), which is the last angling book published, is true to the traditions in this respect. But the author, Mr. David Webster, occupies ground of his own. Full with the experience of forty years upon Tweed and Clyde, and wedded to the use of the peculiar rod indicated in the title of the book, he writes as one having authority, and enriches his pages with hints and facts that are valuable to devotees of an art which is never thoroughly mastered. English anglers south of the border know best the ordinary feruled joint rod, and next within their knowledge comes the spliced implement dear to Irish and Scotch salmon-fishers. The loop-rod is an old-fashioned and apparently cumbersome affair, having no reel, and depending upon a horsehair line heavily tapered, and attached to a large loop of the same material at the end of the top joint. In the hands of an expert, however, the loop-rod makes wonderful casts. Mr. Webster is its apostle, with a very fair following, no doubt, in the north country, to whose broad streams his operations have been confined. The book is well written, with apt poetical quotations sandwiched with the technicalities, and it is spiced with patronising references that will amuse without offending the benighted southron, who is condemned to the poor lowland chalk streams, where the trout are so very difficult to kill. As a manual upon the loop-rod, the work would have been more satisfactory to English readers if, amongst the illustrations, a few clear sketches of the *modus operandi* had been given.

The French fishery claims which hamper the staple industries of Newfoundland will probably some day breed serious trouble. Captain W. R. Kennedy, R.N., was in command of H.M.S. *Druid* during her commission of three years and a half on the North American and West India stations, her special service being the protection of the fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland. The story of what he saw and did is graphically told by himself in *Sport, Travel, and Adventure* (W. Blackwood and Sons). Pity for the unfortunate colonists under the grinding operation of the one-sided treaties which make the French fishermen masters of the situation, and astonishment that the existing state of things is allowed to continue, cannot fail to be excited by the gallant officer's descriptions. The depressing fogs, the north-east winds and Atlantic storms, the barren iron-bound coasts, cannot be escaped by the Newfoundlanders; but it is hard indeed that to cruel physical disadvantages should be added ruinous impositions and absurd pretensions. As stated by Captain Kennedy, with chapter and verse to prove his strong accusations, "the wretched Newfoundlanders are slaves, and half starved ones—oppressed by the peddling storekeepers on the coast, bullied by foreigners, forbidden to catch the fish with which God has provided them in plenty." So long as everything is sacrificed to fishing, this deplorable blight will, he thinks, continue to hang over the settlements; but the interior of the island, with the exception of the barrens, is densely wooded, and capable of maintaining a considerable population under more genial climatic conditions than those of the rocky, gloomy coasts. Nor is Newfoundland altogether a sportsman's paradise. The gallant captain has his good days to record with salmon, trout, grouse, and caribou; but the rivers, which might be excellent for sport, are mostly ruined by bars, nets, traps, weirs, and dams, placed in defiance of all law. The chapters devoted to San Domingo and the Republic of Hayti are extremely interesting. The illustrations are by the author. When the wrongs of the Newfoundlanders are forced into public notice, as they assuredly must be, the evidence furnished by this bright record of magisterial functions and sporting interludes should not be forgotten.

No sportsman's library during the last half-century would be complete without Captain Lloyd's *Field Sports of the North of Europe*. The original edition was published in 1830, and it is not surprising that fifty-five years later a new edition appears (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.). Since the author gave to the world this narrative of angling, hunting, and shooting in Sweden and Norway, together with his "Scandinavian Adventures," and "The Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Sweden and Norway," much has been written of that northern land of mountain, forest, river, and lake; but for thoroughness in his sport and fidelity of detail, Captain Lloyd still stands alone. This new edition contains matter borrowed from the two supplementary works named, and the agricultural and topographical material which has long been out of date is, where necessary, omitted or revised. Modern writers on sport may, without undue humiliation, imitate the courteous, terse, earnest, dignified style of writers of the Lloyd school. They were sportsmen of another generation. In their day the world was not overrun with tourists; sporting authors loved to write as gentlemen for gentlemen, getting their facts at first hand, and constructing their theories from experience acquired by patience, toil, and practical knowledge. "Field Sports" breathes the true spirit. It is not a slight volume, but the charm of it abides to the last word of the last (416th) page, and it is the charm of Gilbert White introduced into a vaster subject, having superadded the subtle touch of a Nimrod's strong hand, and embracing a variety of game beasts, birds, and fishes, while as yet they were free in their wild Scandinavian haunts.

Some indication might have been afforded in preface, publisher's notice, or foot-note, that *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing* (Hamilton, Adams and Co.) is the republication of a work that became a standard authority on Tweed salmon forty years ago. William Scrope was a friend of Sir David Brewster, and a high-class sportsman, disdaining the citizen anglers, to whom he devotes a good-naturedly sarcastic chapter. Angling to him meant the better species of salmonidae only. His "Days

and Nights" was a glorification of "Salmo Solar," as his "Days of Deer Stalking" was principally confined to the red-deer of the Highlands; but it was essentially a book of the Tweed. The republication is nevertheless welcome, since it contains the lithograph illustrations and woodcuts contributed by David Wilkie, Edward Landseer, Edward Cooke, Charles Landseer, L. Haghe, and William Simson. Yarrell was the great authority on British fishes when Scrope wrote, and his book still holds its own, though Dr. Day's recently-published work must henceforth supersede it. Yarrell was contemporary with Scrope, and, like him, was sportsman as well as naturalist. Even to this day, all that the latter wrote upon the salmon is of value; and the space devoted by him to discussions as to species, dealing as they do with questions still unsolved, reminds us how much has to be settled with regard to the migratory salmonidae. Scrope was a close observer, so far as his opportunities allowed, and may be so accepted by students of the natural history of the salmon, and the prodigious legislation of which that fish has been, more particularly in Scotland, the subject, and, one might almost add, victim; but it will be noticed that when tough scientific questions arose he leaned upon Yarrell, with whom he was in constant epistolary communication. The sporting incidents are told with fresh humour and with the air of an educated lover of flood and field, who believes implicitly in the importance of his Tweed flies and Scotch rivers, and who by force of sympathy imparts to his pen wielded in the study somewhat of the vigorous action of his rod, bent with the pull of a mighty salmon in a swirling pool. Scrope had his little sneer at the holiday folk who "disturb the puddles in the commons about London," and is grandiloquent in "doing battle with the lusty salmon as we ride on the waves of the Tweed in our little bark"; yet he defends the employment of the murderous leister and other methods since prohibited.

"THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE."

Who that was present in the frond-fringed theatre in the garden grounds of Coombe House last Saturday is likely to forget the performance of John Fletcher's "Faithfull Shepherdess?" It was an afternoon of unspeakable loveliness. For a moment the cruel east winds had disappeared. The sun was there to light up the pictures, but was robbed of its fierceness. A cool soft wind made a murmuring sound among the branches. When shall we be able to translate the Latin word *susurrus*? But the best of all was the profound peace, the intense feeling of restfulness that pervaded the scene. As with Shakespeare's pastoral play, so with Fletcher's: a certain "holy calm" settled upon the summer theatre. It is not so, it cannot be so, elsewhere. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Camma," and plays of this poetical nature are produced with rare and exquisite beauty on the regular stage, but the imagination has enemies at every turn. A crowded theatre, a heated atmosphere, gas, chattering women and chaffing men, artificiality and unreality in their most pronounced form surround one. As a rule, attention can only be directed to the scene by the greatest effort. How different in an open-air theatre on a lovely summer day. As at Ober-Ammergau in the Bavarian Oberland, so here. The presence of Nature adds solemnity to the scene. At not one of these pastoral plays has there been the slightest disposition to chatter or chaff. We have heard no one word of ridicule or unseemly irreverence. All thanks, then, to Lady Archibald Campbell and to Mr. E. W. Godwin for giving us a new sensation. To me they have given one more delightful memory. To the remembrance of the exquisite summer morning at Ober-Ammergau, when the white-robed angels came forward on the open-air stage to "praise God in His holiness" and to direct our solemn thoughts to the most sublime tragedy the world has never known; to the ever-to-be-remembered evening when Miss Ellen Terry, as the priestess of Artemis, stood by the flaming tripod in her temple—the translated Camma—and the shout went up in weird unison, "Artemis! Artemis! Hear us, Ephesian Artemis!" must now be added the afternoon with the "Faithfull Shepherdess" when was presented, with exquisite taste and colour, the sacrificial ceremonies in the Grove of Pan. And who shall insist after this that dramatic representation does not irresistibly attach a poem to our minds, and bind it fast there for ever? Who shall declare that this poem or play is for the study and not for the stage? No one will ever clearly understand Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Othello, or Lear, until he has seen them acted. Ophelia and Desdemona, Juliet and Imogen, are never sincerely our friends until we have enjoyed their society. So it is with the "Faithfull Shepherdess." We know the history of it—that it was acted before King Charles the First and his Queen, that Pepys chattered about it, that Schlegel and Hazlitt criticised it, that it was regarded as very beautiful but "impossible for the stage." Perigot and Amoret, the Sullen Shepherd and the Wanton Shepherdess, Cloris and Cloe, were all companions of the study. Thanks to Mr. Godwin, they are now something more. We have seen them all. They have destroyed an illusion. They have passed before our eyes, and the poetry of Fletcher has been illustrated with all the grace of arrangement, all the taste of colour, all the beauty of music, that so charming a composition suggests. Once more, all thanks to Lady Archibald Campbell, to Mr. Godwin, and to all the intelligent ladies and gentlemen who have assisted them in their intellectual enterprise. They have brought us nearer than before to the "ideal" theatre that has existed in our fancy. The Bavarian and Saxe-Meiningen theatres, the old art schemes of Goethe and other poets, are brought nearer than before. That which is done in the woods can be done in the streets. If the "Faithfull Shepherdess" can be unearthed and revived and beautified, why not hundreds of other old plays? We shall never have a theatre subsidised by State; no Imperial Theatre is ever likely to exist in this country; but we can have a theatre supported by such as have money to bestow on art for art's sake. Let Mr. Godwin and the enthusiasts with him press on, and the good time must come.

C. S.

A large meeting was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, in support of the scheme of the Small Farm and Labourers' Land Association for the creation of a peasant proprietary.

It is stated that Mr. J. Banks Stanhope, a former member for Lincolnshire, had executed a deed of gift in favour of the Hon. E. Stanhope, transferring to him the whole of his extensive estates, only reserving to himself a life annuity of no great amount.

A Diocesan Conference was held at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at which various subjects were discussed. His Grace, in the course of an address, said the Church needed a House of Laymen to consult with Convocation.

"Technical Exercises for the Pianoforte," by Alfred Gilbert (Hutchings and Co.), are well calculated for the student's attainment of a mastery over the mechanical difficulties of pianoforte-playing; some useful explanatory remarks being interspersed with the practical examples.



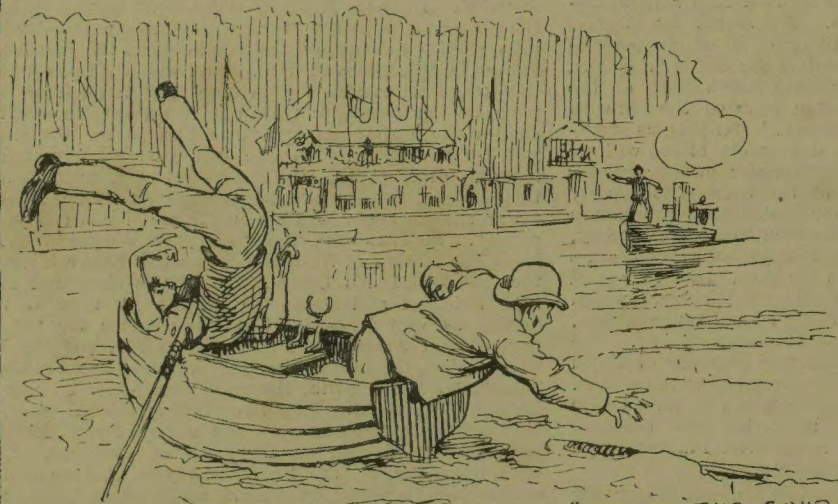
WELL YER SEE SIR YOU'RE WERRY LATE - I WAS A-KEEPIN THIS FOR A DOOK - BUT AS ITS ME LAST BOAT - YER SHALL AV IT FOR 30 BOB - CHEAP.



THEY ARE GREATLY ADMIRER. JONES IS NERVOUS OF GETTING WET - SO



THEY CHANGE ENDS - UNTIL HENLEY IS SEEN -



"CLEAR THE COURSE" (BROWN LOSES A SCULL)



THEY ARE TOWED OUT OF THE WAY. THE RUG COMES IN VERY USEFUL



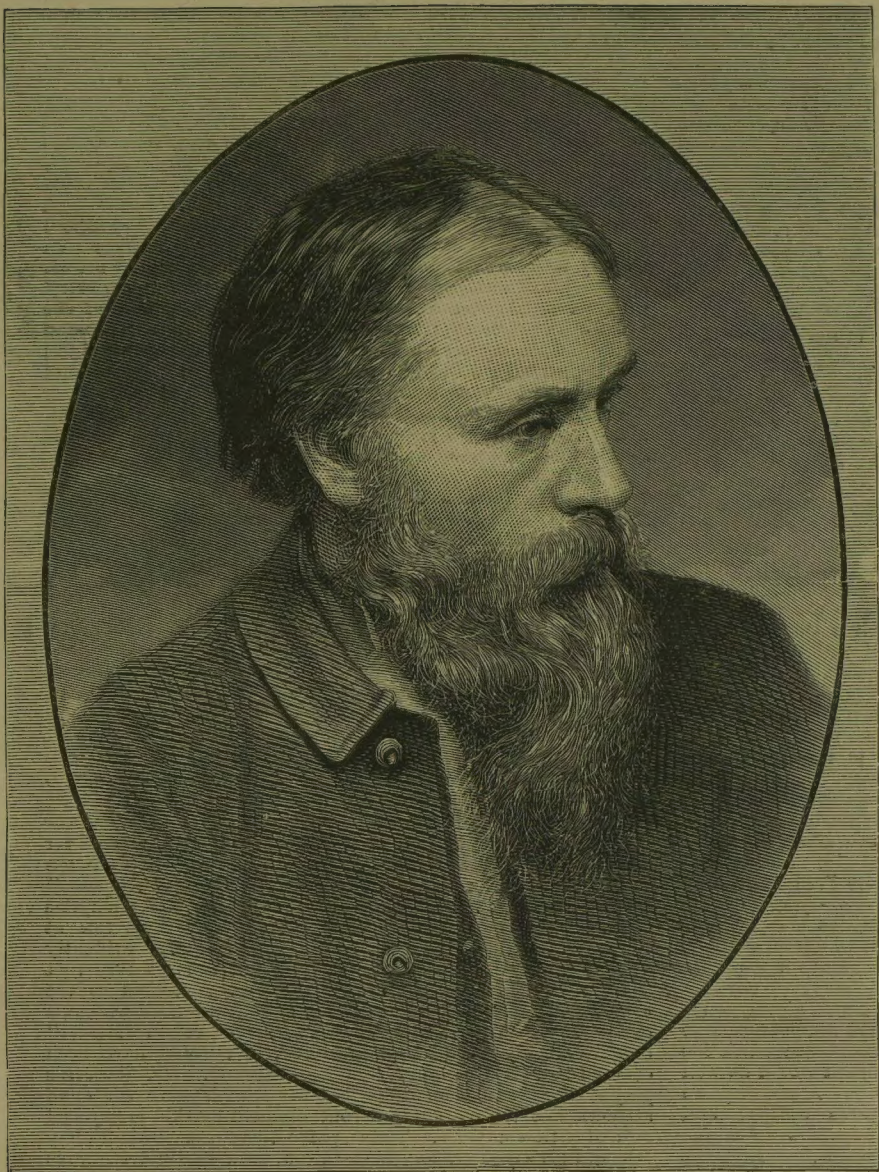
BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN (?) THEY ARE PLACED IN A BACKWATER



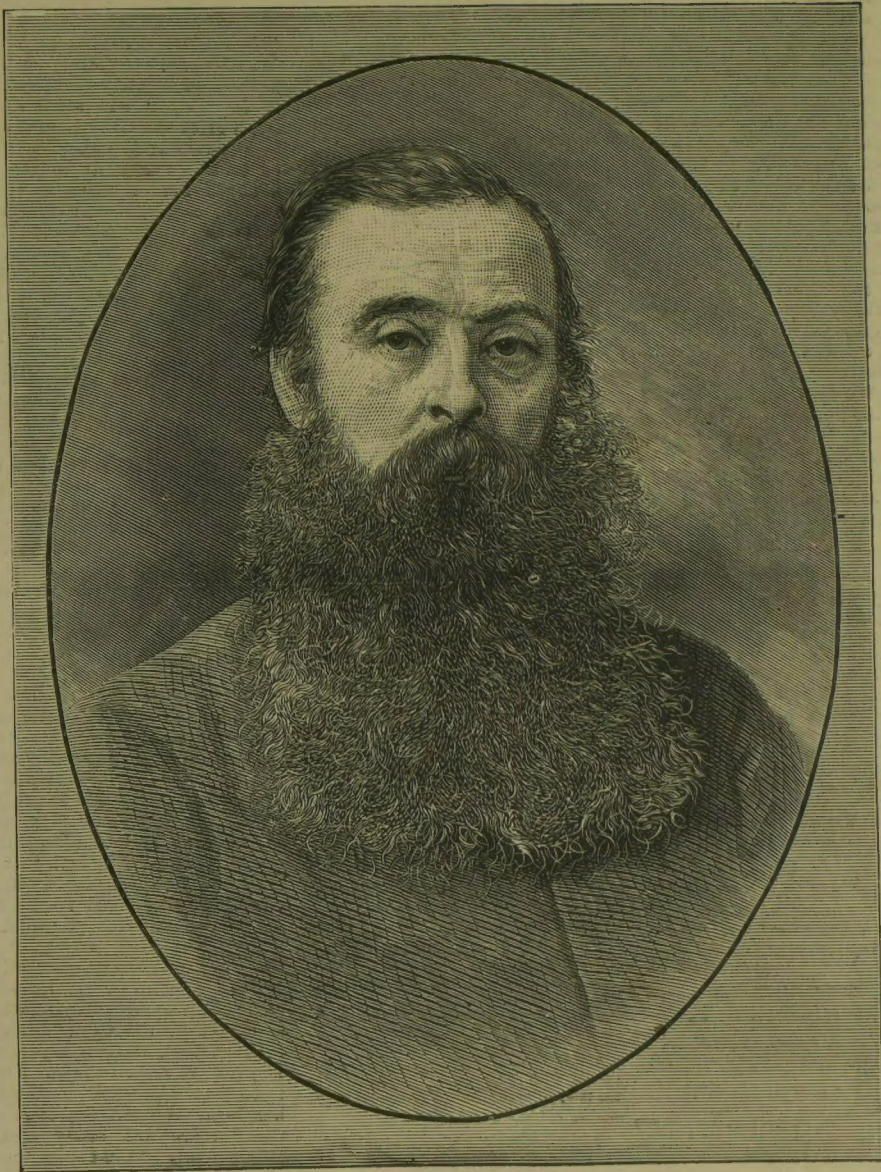
THEY SEEK FOR A LODGING



"EVERY ROOM LET THREE TIMES OVER"



MR. E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.



MR. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

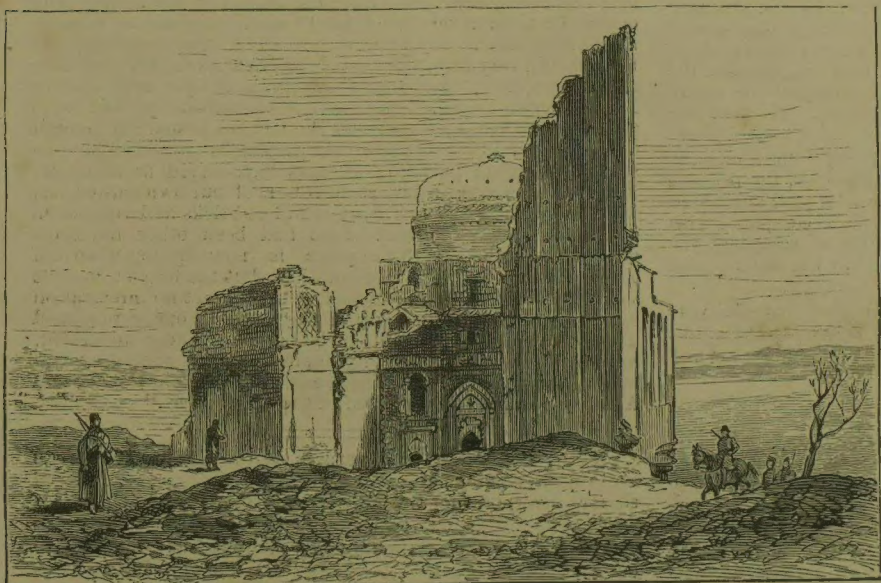
The election of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A., architect, to the full membership of the Royal Academy, and of Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse to the degree of Associates of the Royal Academy, was lately announced.

Mr. Henry Moore was born in 1831 at York, where his father, William Moore, a portrait painter, had acquired a reputation which has since been outshone by that of his three more gifted sons—namely, John C. Moore, a portrait painter, especially of children, cut off in his prime a few years ago; Albert Moore, one of the most delicate and fanciful of figure painters; and Henry Moore, who, first by his landscapes and more recently by his sea-pictures, has now received a well-earned recognition of his talent. He began painting animals, but on coming to London he entered the Academy Schools in 1853. In the same year he exhibited at the Royal Academy his first work, and since then has been represented each year on its walls. He first attracted notice by his "Ripe for the Sickle," at the Society of British Artists, in 1863; but it was principally at the Water-Colour Exhibitions of the Dudley Gallery (1865-82) that his works were to be seen. In 1876 he was elected an Associate of the old Water-Colour Society, and in 1880 became a full member; and there, as well as at the Society of British Artists, he was a frequent exhibitor. His first large seascape at the Royal Academy

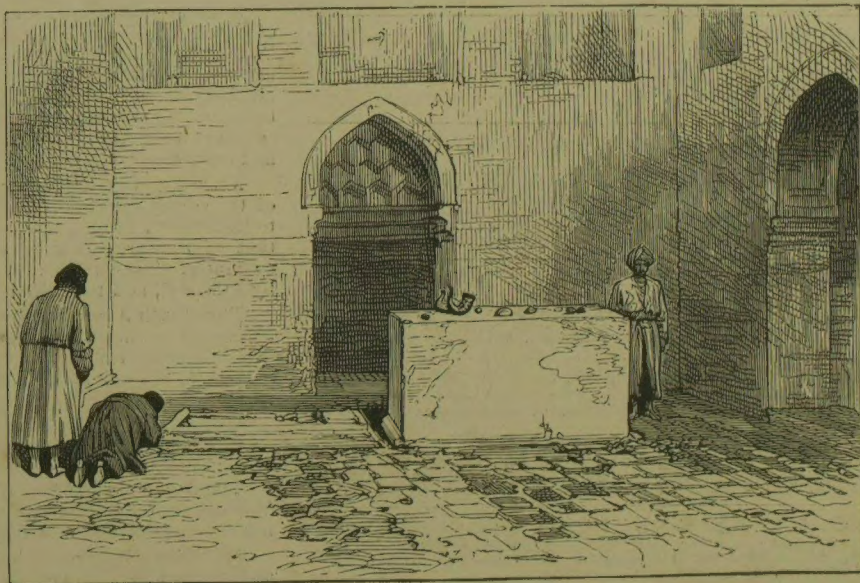
(1874), "Rough Weather in the Open," was so badly hung that it not only roused a general protest in the Press, but attracted attention to the work of an artist who could throw interest into a simple expanse of waves and sky. This picture, which was a study of the blue Mediterranean, was taken from the deck of a steamer during the approach of a gale. The sea, in its varying aspects, has had for Mr. Henry Moore never-ceasing attractions; but, unlike Mr. Brett, who revels in bright sunlight on the waters, Mr. Henry Moore is more in sympathy with the coming or the passing storm, the break of dawn, and the end of the day.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones was born at Birmingham nearly fifty-three years ago. After passing through King Edward's Grammar School of that town, he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was a fellow student with Mr. William Morris, a companionship destined to exercise an important influence upon his subsequent career. He had been intended for the Church, but before the ordinary term of his University career was ended he gave up the idea, and devoted himself to the study of art, holding that a year's art-training was of higher importance than a University degree. Although ranging himself on the side of the Præ-Raphaelite school, he studied diligently at home and abroad the methods of the great masters of all countries; but his real—and in a sense his only master—was Dante Gabriel Rossetti,

who, with Mr. Madox Brown, had given a fresh impetus to the teachings of their school. He speedily attracted the notice of his contemporaries by the refinement of his style and the poetry of his imagination. Nearly all his earlier works exhibited to the public were in water colours, and so rapid was his progress that, in 1864, on the strength of his "Cinderella," "Fair Rosamond," and "The Annunciation," he was elected an Associate of the old Water-Colour Society, at the same time with Mr. G. Boyce, Mr. Fred. Walker, and Mr. Lundgren, of whom only the first survives. Four years later, he was admitted to full membership, but resigned it in 1870, in consequence of certain objections (analogous to those of the British Matron of this year) to one of his works. Mr. F. W. Burton (now Sir Fred. Burton, the Keeper of the National Gallery) resigned at the same time. During the interval between his election as Associate and his resignation, he had been a regular and frequent contributor to the Water-Colour Society. His first oil painting, shown to the public, was the triptych now to be seen in the Church of St. Paul, Brighton, representing the three principal episodes of the Nativity. In 1872 he found a home at the Dudley Gallery, where the neo-classicism, of which he was already one of the chief exponents, was looked upon with some favour. It was here that he exhibited the "Triumph of Fortune and Fame," "Oblivion and



ULUK BABA, THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF CAIN, AT NEW SARAKHS.



INTERIOR OF ULUK BABA, THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF CAIN, AT NEW SARAKHS.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Love," "Love Among the Ruins," and "The Hesperides." These, however, represented very inadequately the fruits of his labours; as was shown in 1877, when the Grosvenor Gallery was first opened—and "The Days of Creation" (Mr. Graham's), and "Venus' Mirror" (Mr. Leyland's), were among the greatest attractions of the exhibition. Since then, he has been until the present year (except in 1881) a constant exhibitor at the Grosvenor Gallery, and last year his "King Cophetua and the Maiden" was admitted to be one of the most important pictures of the year. Amongst his most successful works may be cited "Laud Veneris," "The Four Seasons," "The Golden Staircase," &c. He has never exhibited at the Royal Academy, and his election as an Associate consequently was the source of almost as much surprise as of satisfaction. It is regarded as of good augury for the future of the Academy, that it has gone outside the list of the ordinary aspirants to enrol amongst its members one of the greatest of living artists, although the exponent of a phase of art which the Royal Academy has hitherto been unwilling to honour.

We have engraved the portraits of Mr. Henry Moore and Mr. Burne-Jones; the former being copied from a photograph by Mr. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells; and the latter from one by Mr. F. Hollyer, Pembroke-square, Kensington. The photograph of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has not yet been obtained, but we intend to give his portrait; that of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse has already appeared in this Journal.

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd ult., at Valparaiso, the wife of Henry F. Ralph, of a daughter.

On the 16th ult., at Almorah Lodge, Oak Hill, Surbiton, the wife of Harry F. Giles, of a daughter.

On the 26th ult., at Sourabaya, Java, the wife of F. Bonhote, of a son.

On the 24th ult., at Ashburne, Derbyshire, the wife of A. Boswell, M.D., of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., at Norwich, Hester Elizabeth, widow of William Bancroft Holmes, of Gaudy Hall, Norfolk, and youngest daughter of Davies and Mary Ann Gilbert, of Eastbourne, Sussex, and Tredrea, Cornwall, aged 66.

On the 26th ult., at Oakwood House, Tiptonville, Tenn., Sh. field, aged 43, Emma, the beloved wife of Joseph Barnsley, manufacturer.

On the 30th ult., at Mayfield, Shooters'-hill, Louisa Winifred Kemble, aged 14 years, younger child of Charles E. Hamilton.

On July 2, 1884, Mary Jane Thomas, widow of the late Lewis S. Thomas, of Bombay, and youngest daughter of Thomas Fair, of Buenos Ayres, greatly beloved and deeply mourned. (In Memoriam.)

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets from Brighton to London, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 34 hours. A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An

IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, GUNTON-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. TOURIST TICKETS are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist stations in Scotland. For full particulars see this and the Company's Time-Tables. London, July, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

SWISS POSTAL SERVICE.—During the Summer

Season will be commenced the complete Alpine routes, as follows:—The Simplon, Spiez, Bern, Brugg, Fribourg, Olten, Schyn, Jura, Albul, Flue, a Lukmanier, La Dussier, Landquar, Bernina, Maloja, Engadine-Tiro, Aigle, Châtaign, Oer, Bule-Saenen, Thun-Saenen, and Brannen Einsidein. A regular Postal Service, with comfortable Post-Carriages, with Coupes and Banquettes. The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra Post-Carriages can be obtained on most of these routes, to secure which, or the ordinary courses, address Swiss Post Offices, and the Tourist Offices of Messrs. Cook and Son, and Gaze and Son, of London.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.

The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry

Irving. OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. SPECIAL MATINEE OF OLIVIA, MONDAY, JULY 26. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, where seats can be booked in advance or by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.15.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW and BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. Last few Nights of the eminent American Humourist, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, who appears at Every Performance. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlborough House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and

"The Chosen One," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 85, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE QUEEN and LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wignam from studies made by him at Osborne.—18, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION,

SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885. Patron.—H.M. THE QUEEN. President.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. Division I.—Inventions. Division II.—Music. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 30.

"What! still at Paris?" "Yes; but we are going away on Wednesday." "Ah! so are we." How many dialogues have I heard lately all modelled on this type? Everybody who is anybody thinks some excuse necessary for remaining in Paris after the Grand Prix, and if he can find no other excuse he declares he is going away next Wednesday, to the Pyrenees or to the Vosges or to Trouville. In the Rue de la Paix, between four and six in the afternoon, you will find a triple row of carriages and scores of pretty ladies buying flowery costumes for the seaside. They are all astonished to find their friends still in Paris, and of course they are all going away next Wednesday. At the Circus, at the Hippodrome, at the immense fair of Neuilly, with its wild-beast shows, its roundabouts, its shooting-galleries and wrestling-matches, you see still most of those faces one is accustomed to see wherever the conventional category of "all Paris" is usually to be found. In short, Paris is by no means empty, although the season is really over. The Parisians are enjoying themselves quietly, and, like their predecessors in decadence, the Byzantines, they seem to take great delight in the amusements of the circus, acrobatic performances, and the exercises of the palaestra.

Another distraction which finds favour in the eyes of many Parisian ladies—even ladies of position in society—is watching a criminal trial. The presence of more than a hundred gaily-dressed ladies, armed with fans and opera-glasses, at the trial of Marchandon on Friday and Saturday created quite a scandal, so cynical was their conduct and so incessant their chattering. The magistrates are themselves to blame for this undignified incident, for it is they who give tickets of admission to "reserved seats," just as if a law-court were a theatre; and the tickets are sought for by feminine lovers of sensation as eagerly as they seek to obtain tickets for the first performance of a new play. It happens that this time the ladies were rather disappointed, for the attitude of the youthful hero of the crime of the Rue de Séze was by no means dramatic or even interesting. He was found guilty and condemned to death, so the manes of the unfortunate Madame Cornet may now be supposed to be at rest. The sentence of Marchandon raises to nineteen the number of prisoners awaiting death in French jails.

The announcement of the death of Olivier Pain has caused his friend, M. Henri Rochefort, to rage furiously against the English and against General Wolseley. M. Rochefort wishes to know where the corpse of his friend is, and whether it is free from wounds or not; otherwise, he refuses to believe that Pain died of fever. M. Rochefort, of course, means to say that Pain has been assassinated, and that the English army is responsible for the deed. Even the newspapers which are hostile to Rochefort, while not joining in his accusations against the English, suggest that the English Government would do well to furnish full particulars about this affair. A subscription has been opened for the benefit of Pain's widow; and many tears are being shed in the newspapers over the fate of this "bold and generous compatriot." In point of fact, what business had Pain in the Soudan? What concern is it of the French if one of their compatriots loses his life in an adventure into which duty did not take him?

The Chamber has passed the week in the monotonous business of voting the various chapters of the Budget. The business has proceeded rapidly and with but little discussion. On the Budget of public instruction there was a slight tournament between Mgr. Freppel and M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Worship, who admitted rather unwillingly that religions had at least a certain historical importance.

A thunderstorm raged over Paris on Sunday night.

T. C.

The cholera continues its ravages in Spain, and the official return for Sunday records 1027 cases of cholera and 312 deaths. On Monday 1233 new cases and 574 deaths occurred, whilst on Tuesday 200 cases and fifty deaths were reported from Aranjuez alone, and twenty-three fresh cases from Madrid.

The ceremonies of launching the new corvette Rynda and laying the keel of the new ironclad frigate, Alexandra II., took place at St. Petersburg on Tuesday, in presence of the Emperor and Empress.

A New York telegram says that a jewelled altar cross, the gift of the Princess of Wales to St. Peter's Church, St. Louis, was formally placed in position last week. The Rev. Mr. Assheton, the Rector, in an address of presentation, said among women there was none of nobler fame or lovelier traits of womanliness, as wife, daughter, mother, and friend, than the Royal donor, whose offering was sanctified by the sweet incense of her Christian life.—The trial of Mrs. Dudley for the attempted murder of O'Donovan Rossa concluded with a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

News from Cabul has reached Bombay to the effect that Ishak Khan has risen in insurrection against Abdulla Khan, and, having gone to Khamabad, has seized treasure valued at £1,000,000 sterling belonging to the Ameer.

Further shocks of earthquake are reported from Cashmere.

A dinner was given on Monday at Sydney by the Ministry of New South Wales, in honour of the officers of the Soudan Contingent. Lord Augustus Loftus, to whose support of the movement hearty sympathy was borne, said he regarded the incident as of great value, in showing the sympathetic union between the Colonies and the mother country. Most of the speakers were of opinion that the action of New South Wales had done more to promote federation than anything else.

According to returns published on Wednesday, the revenue of the colony of Victoria for the past financial year amounted to £6,290,000, being an increase of £356,000, as compared with that of the preceding year, and £326,000 in excess of the estimates. The customs revenue increased in the same period by £150,000, and the railway revenue by £121,000.

The South Australian revenue for the past financial year amounted to £2,150,000, being £271,000 below the estimates. The Customs revenue decreased in the same period by £109,000. The actual deficit at the end of the financial year amounted to £760,000.

A great rose show is announced to be held to-day (Saturday) at the Crystal Palace.

The *Naval and Military Gazette*, which has appeared every Wednesday for the past fifty-two years, comes out this week much enlarged, and in a very attractive form.

Mr. Henry W. French has begun this week his entertaining and instructive Art Lectures at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The first, on Thursday evening, was entitled Boston, and Picturesque New England; and his second, on Friday evening, Mexico, the Venice of the Aztecs. Next Monday evening he will lecture on British America, and next Tuesday his theme will be The Wonderland of the Western World. His concluding lecture, on Monday evening, July 13, will be on New York: Historic Haunts and Homes of the Hudson. Each lecture is accompanied by numerous views taken for Mr. French by his own photographer.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

We are rapidly approaching the dull season. There is not likely to be much more interesting playgoing until the autumn. Mrs. Langtry bids farewell to London this week after a happy visit to the Prince's, where she has increased her popularity and her fame; the St. James's company is on the eve of fitting for a long provincial tour; and day by day the "farewell" at the Haymarket approaches. Monday, July 20, will be a famous night in theatrical annals. I was present at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre on the evening of April 15, 1865, when Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. H. J. Byron commenced their management with "A Winning Hazard." I hope to be present at the "farewell" of the most celebrated management of our time—a management that has done an infinity of good to the stage, and with which our best actors, actresses, and authors have been associated. The "farewell" programme has been definitely settled. It is to consist of the "will-scene" from "Money" and a scene from "London Assurance," played by most of the celebrated artists who have been identified with the Bancrofts; two acts of "Masks and Faces," in which, of course, Mrs. Bancroft will appear as Peg Woffington and Mr. Bancroft as Triplet; a comic sketch by Mr. Toole, and a poem of good wishes that Mr. Henry Irving has kindly wished to recite on this occasion. Thus we shall see, the same evening, Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Coghlan, Mr. David James, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Kyrie Bellew, Mr. Terriss, &c., Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Ellen Terry. The Prince and Princess of Wales have expressed a desire to be present; and it will be a memorable night.

Once more a change at the Olympic. Miss Ada Ward, a graceful, sympathetic actress, who, with all her cleverness and her experience, has never had fair chance in London, but is immensely popular in the provinces, and in America, Australia, and the Cape, has appeared in "The Thirst for Gold"; in other words, the old Adelphi drama "The Sea of Ice." But no isolated instance of good acting can save an old-fashioned play unintentionally burlesqued by the performers. Nowadays, melodrama must be well done, or not at all.

A delightful little play—for it is a play, and a very clever one—has been produced at the German Reed's. It is written by Mr. T. Malcolm Watson, and called "A Pretty Bequest." The construction is neat, the dialogue apposite, and the lyrics elegant. A young writer who can succeed so well as this at the outset should be encouraged to persevere. He evidently possesses a talent for dramatic writing, and it is so rare that the detection of it is pleasant to the critic. Allied to the comedietta is some charming music by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, a composer of considerable fancy. A little trio, called "Hush!" delighted every musician in the room, and would have been encored had such an innovation been allowed. Mr. Watson's play is so good that in all probability it will prove the chief attraction at the seaside tour contemplated by this merry and refined little company. Time spares them all. Miss Fanny Holland is as young, as sweet-voiced, and as interesting as when she appeared one trial evening at the Gallery of Illustration, in Waterloo-place, who shall say how many years ago? As they say in melodrama, "But, no matter!" Mr. Alfred Reed, Mr. North Home, Mr. Charles Allan, and Miss Wardroper all play capably together; and, to tell the truth, I cannot find better light comedy in any theatre in London. That is the reason why the hall is always crowded. And then Mr. Corney Grain! Let everyone hear him describe "Eton v. Harrow." It is inimitable. He is in excellent health and spirits. In five minutes he sketches the whole of a French opera, takes us in imagination to the French Plays, to Ascot, and to the cricket-matches at Lord's, and makes his audience roar with laughter. He has recently caught that delightful fancy of wedding humorous ideas to pathetic music. He is a convert to the Gilbert-Sullivan school. Witness the "Wail of the Weary One" and "My First Cigar," comic songs, but then how pretty!—funny songs, but with no tinge of vulgarity. If Mr. Corney Grain goes on writing like this we shall, happily, banish the music-hall drivell from the modern drawing-room. "Fun without vulgarity"—that is the motto at St. George's Hall. C. S.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, when he was at Sarakhs, on the Heri-Rud, in November last, with General Sir Peter Lumsden and the other members of the Afghan Boundary Commission, inspected a curious monument of antiquity called Uruk Baba, which is regarded by some Mohammedans as belonging to the earliest family of the human race. He writes concerning it as follows:—"There is a tradition that Adam had a garden at Sarakhs, and came every day from Serendib, or Ceylon, to cultivate it. This legend may have led to the idea of Cain and Abel having their tombs at the same place. There is a tomb at Old Sarakhs called Ugle Baba, which is supposed to be the tomb of Abel. The supposed tomb of Cain is on the west or north-west of New Sarakhs. It is built of brick, and covered with plaster, the plaster being worked into ornament, with texts from the Koran on the front. The ornament is of a very good kind, much superior to what is found in Persia at the present day. The dome is peculiar in form, being very flat at the top. The design of this structure is also peculiar, and unlike anything I have seen among Mohammedan tombs. It seems to have had a couple of towers projecting in front; the one on the left has fallen, but enough of the other remains to show that they must have been of considerable height; perhaps they may have served as minarets. In front of the tomb are mounds full of bricks and fragments of pottery, showing that there had been other buildings connected with it. The place is now quite deserted. There are two tombs in this building, but the largest may be supposed to be the important one. I could get no information regarding them. On the top of the principal one were placed a couple of horns; I took them to be those of the moufflong, or wild sheep. Some small cannon-balls and a stone or two were also on the tomb. That these tombs belong to Cain and Abel is, I understand, a belief of the Turkomans."

At a special court of governors of the University College for North Wales, held on Tuesday at Bangor, the Royal charter incorporating the college was received.

Count Gleichen is engaged upon a marble statue of the Queen and a group of the late Mr. Holloway and his wife, to be placed in the Holloway College for Women, at Egham.

Mr. Fitz-Herbert Brockholes, of Cloughton-on-Bröck, Lancashire, and Miss Blanche Clifford, second daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry Clifford, V.C., K.C.B., were married at the Catholic Chapel, at Surbiton, on Wednesday morning. The bride, who was accompanied by her mother, was given away by her cousin, Lord Clifford. There were only two bridesmaids, Miss Sybil Clifford and Miss Beatrice Fitz-Herbert. Mr. Francis Fitz-Herbert acted in the capacity of best man.

THE COURT.

The Queen has driven out almost daily. Princess Beatrice went to London on Thursday afternoon last week, and presented medallions and certificates to the Hyde Park and Mayfair District Classes of the St. John Ambulance Association at the Grosvenor Gallery. The Princess subsequently visited Count and Countess Gleichen, and returned to Windsor in the evening. Yesterday week Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at the castle. Her Majesty drove to Frogmore on Saturday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, and the Marquis of Lorne. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of her Majesty. The Queen held a Council, at which various members of the new Administration were sworn of the Privy Council and took the oaths. The great officers of her Majesty's household received their insignia of office, their predecessors having previously taken leave of her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice having met them at the railway station. The remains of the late Duke of Albany were, in presence of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, placed in a new sarcophagus in St. George's Chapel. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family and the members of the household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Vicar of St. Michael, Chester-square, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated; and the Rev. Canon Fleming preached the sermon. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen. Major and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Egerton, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The anniversary of the Queen's coronation falling on Sunday, the event was celebrated in London on Monday, when all the Government stores and workshops were closed. In the morning the Queen drove to Frogmore, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn went to London. The Duke of Connaught returned to her Majesty the Collar of the Military Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath which had been worn by the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The Duchess of Albany arrived at the castle in the afternoon. Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany arrived later. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn returned from London in the evening. Viscount and Viscountess Downe had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family; Sir Robert Collins, K.C.B., was also invited. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Marquis of Lorne, arrived at the castle and lunched with the Queen. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and the Marquis of Lorne, went to the Albert Chapel, Windsor Castle, in order to view the sarcophagus, in which the coffin, containing the remains of the late Duke of Albany, has been placed since its removal from the crypt beneath, where it was deposited after the funeral service in St. George's Chapel.

A State Ball was given on Friday, June 26, at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, attended. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar were also present. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of cream satin duchesse, embroidered in silver and veiled in crêpe lisse; corsage to correspond; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a white Sicilienne and tulle ball-dress; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, diamonds. Princess Louise of Wales wore a very pretty toilette of white poulte de soie, trimmed with bunches of lilies of the valley, over a jupe of white tulle in plisses, strewed with lilies of the valley to correspond; ornaments, pearls, sapphires, and diamonds.

The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, July 13.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria, opened a bazaar on Friday afternoon last week at Humphreys' Hall, Albert-gate, in aid of the funds of the Female School of Art, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury. Their Royal Highnesses were afterwards present at the Royal Military Tournament, for the benefit of the Military Charities, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Last Saturday afternoon the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral play of the "Faithful Shepherdess," at Coombe House. The Rev. F. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince, was present as his representative at the funeral of the Rev. E. W. Blore, Vice-Master of Trinity College, at Cambridge. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princess Louise, went to the City on Monday morning, when Prince Albert Victor was admitted to the freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall. After the ceremony their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation. The Prince visited the Grosvenor Gallery in the afternoon. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George went to Lord's Cricket-ground to witness the Oxford and Cambridge University match. The Duc d'Aumale dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, accompanied by the Duke, saw the performance of "Le Maître de Forges" at the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House in the morning on a visit to the Queen at Windsor. Their Royal Highnesses returned to London in the afternoon. The Prince and Princess gave an audience at Marlborough House to the Rev. H. Pahtahquahong Chase, Hereditary Chief of the Ojibways. The Prince met the chief when he visited Canada; and Mr. Chase wore the silver medal which his Royal Highness presented to him in his capacity of President of the Council of the Six Nations. Prince Albert Victor and the Princesses were present. Prince Albert Victor left Marlborough House on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk at The Farm, Sheffield. His Royal Highness opened a working man's industrial exhibition at Sheffield on Wednesday; and proceeded in the afternoon on a visit to the Earl of Yarborough at Brocklesby Park, Lincolnshire, for the purpose of opening on Thursday a new promenade and garden at Cleethorpe.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, paid a visit last Saturday to the training-ship Exmouth, lying off the town of Grays, and presented the prizes gained by the boys during the past term.—Prince and Princess Christian attended an influential meeting held at the Mansion House, yesterday week, in aid of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, at which it

was resolved to make a great effort to raise a fund for the enlargement of the institution.—Prince Albert Victor was present, on the 25th ult., at the annual distribution of prizes on board the Warspite, where the prizes were presented by Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. The Prince afterwards addressed the boys on board, and made an appeal on behalf of the training-ship.—Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, yesterday week, opened a bazaar in the grounds of the Queen's Cottage, Kew Gardens, for the benefit of the Kew Church Restoration Fund.—Last Saturday the sixth annual Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall concluded with the presentation of the prizes by the Duke of Teck.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

As recorded last week, this great celebration closed on the Friday with a grand performance of "Israel in Egypt." Some remarks remain to be added to our previous notice, beginning with the selection programme (the second Festival day), which comprised sacred and secular pieces, calculated to give a good notion of Handel's varied powers. The concerto for double orchestra, horns, oboes, and bassoons, with accompaniment of string band, possessed much musical interest apart from its novelty in performance (it remains in manuscript, and is believed not to have been before given in public). The organ concerto (No. 3 of the second set), another interesting feature, was very finely played by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, who introduced a very elaborate cadenza, and displayed the varied contrasts of the instrument with great skill. One of the violin sonatas, played by all the orchestral violinists, produced a very favourable impression, its execution having been wondrously accurate in time and intonation. The vocal solos comprised the airs "From mighty Kings"; "But oh! what art can teach," sung by Madame Valleria; "Angels ever bright and fair" and "Sweet bird," by Madame Albani; "His sceptre is the rod of righteousness" and "Nasce al bosco," by Mr. Santley; "Wait her, angels," and "Love in her eyes," by Mr. E. Lloyd; "Sound an alarm" and "Tell fair Irene," by Mr. Maas; "Ombra mai fu," by Madame Trebelli; the duet, "We never will bow down," by her and Madame Valleria; the trio (with chorus), "See, the conquering hero," for these ladies and Madame Suter, and "Haste thee, nymph," by Mr. B. Foote. It is not necessary to say that these pieces were efficiently rendered. Choruses, sacred and secular, were finely sung; the day's programme having opened with the overture to "Saul."

The closing day's performance again manifested the excellence of the choristers in the work which consists more largely of choral music than any other of Handel's oratorios. The sublime choruses of "Israel in Egypt" were grandly given and produced a profound impression, especially the "Hailstone" chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," "I will sing unto the Lord," "He rebuked the Red Sea" and its two following numbers, and the grand final climax, "The horse and his rider." The solo music was well sung by Madame Valleria, Miss A. Marriott, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. F. King. Mr. Lloyd's magnificent delivery of the declamatory air "The enemy said" produced a marked sensation and elicited an enthusiastic encore; other repetitions having been the "Hailstone" chorus and the March from the overture to the "Occasional Oratorio," this prelude having been played before "Israel in Egypt," which has no instrumental introduction of any kind.

The Festival has been a great musical success, the performances having been generally superior to those of any previous occasion of the kind. We may here remind readers that this was the celebration of the bi-centenary of Handel's birth, for which reason the Festival was held twelve months in advance of its regular triennial recurrence. Mr. Maas has more than equalled the success obtained by him when he conducted the previous Festival (in 1883), in sudden replacement of the late Sir Michael Costa. In the performances just terminated, Mr. Eyre has presided very ably at the organ.

It only remains to bear testimony to the excellence of the administrative management, and the courtesies of those with whom rested the arrangements for the Press, particularly the assistant manager, Mr. Henshaw Russell, and Mr. W. Gardiner, secretary; and the many gentlemen who gave their valuable services as honorary stewards.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances of Madame Adelina Patti are being continued with unabated success. We have already recorded her appearances as Violetta in "La Traviata" and in the title-character of "Semiramide," and these were followed, on Saturday, by her admirable impersonation of Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," the music of which was sung with the same charm and brilliancy as on any former occasion. The delivery of the cavatina, "Una voce," and of the introduced aria in the lesson-scene was in the highest style of vocal art. The piece last referred to was a new valse aria, entitled "L'Incantatrice," composed by Signor Ardit. It was enthusiastically redemanded, and a second encore was replied to by Madame Patti singing, with touching pathos and unadorned simplicity, the ballad "Home, Sweet Home." M. Engel, as Almaviva, sang with most effect in the more demonstrative passages of his music. Signor Caracciolo was the Bartolo, and Signor Cherubini the Basilio.

On Tuesday "Faust" was to have been given, with Madame Patti as Margherita; but, in consequence of her indisposition, the opera was suddenly changed to "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which Mdle. Alma Fohström appeared, for the first time, as the heroine, and displayed qualities which ensured her a favourable reception. Of her merits, however, we must speak further after her second appearance in the same opera on Thursday, her début having been anticipated, and made under the disadvantage of having no rehearsal. Signor Ardit has continued to conduct the performances with his well-known skill.

The Royal College of Music gave the first public concert at Prince's Hall last week, when good evidence was offered of the progress made under the system of tuition pursued at the South Kensington institution. An orchestra and the College choir contributed to the performances, the band having chiefly consisted of students, among them several young lady violinists. Prominent among the solo vocalists were Misses Belcher, Albu, Russell, and Robiolio. Mr. Sutcliffe produced a very favourable impression by his performance of a violin concerto, by Bach, and there was more or less clever pianoforte playing by several students.

The second and last concert of the season of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir took place on Saturday afternoon, when the singing of the chorists in modern part-songs and in madrigals old and new was of the same high excellence as on former occasions. Vocal solos were contributed by Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Tufnail, and the programme also included some clever violin playing by Mr. J. Dunn and Mr. L. H. D'Egville.

Mr. Kuhe's concert at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, was, as for many past years, a specialty of the season. The occasion brought forward, for the first time in public, Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli, a daughter of the eminent opera and concert vocalist. The young lady obtained a great success by the display of a voice of pure and agreeable quality, and refined and finished execution, in duets with her mother, and in solo pieces. It would seem as if there were a bright career in store for Mdle. Trebelli. Other effective vocal performances were contributed by eminent artists, the programme having included some skilful pianoforte playing by Mr. Kuhe and violin pieces charmingly rendered by Madame Norman-Néruda. Mr. Henry Irving's impressive recitation of Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," was a special feature of the occasion.

The London Musical Society's Concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, included an efficient performance of a selection from "The Four Passions," of Heinrich Schütz, a German composer—born two centuries ago—who undoubtedly laid the foundation of the great style of sacred music of the school of Bach and Handel. Bach's cantata, "My spirit was in heaviness," and madrigals by past and present composers, completed the selection of vocal music. The solo singers were Misses Marriott and McKenzie, Mr. Kenningham, and Mr. Birch. The chorus singing was generally bright and correct. Violin and pianoforte solos were skilfully played, respectively, by Herr Naché and Miss A. Goodwin. Mr. Barnby conducted ably, and Mr. Hodge presided at the organ.

Historic concerts have been given during the week at the International Inventions Exhibition by members and professors of the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels, ancient stringed, keyed, and wind instruments having been used.

Madame Liebhart gave her annual concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when she and other well-known vocalists contributed to a varied programme, which also included instrumental solos.—Mr. Isidore De Lara's annual morning concert was given at Prince's Hall on Tuesday, with an excellent programme. Madame Viard-Louis' last Beethoven concert of the season was given at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon.—Mr. Arthur L'Estrange gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening.—The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society gave a vocal and instrumental concert at Kensington Townhall on Thursday.—The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Signor Vittorio Carpi will give a morning concert, under distinguished patronage, next Monday, at 28, Ashley-place, Victoria-street, by permission of Major and Mrs. Wallace Carpenter; and at the St. James's Hall, next Thursday evening, the London Conservatoire of Music will give its annual benefit concert, Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists being announced.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, which has been partly reorganised, will begin its tour early in August. Among familiar names that will be missed are those of Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Snazelle, and Miss Clara Perry. Madame Marie Roze will sing always twice weekly, and Mr. Maas will assist at special representations. Madame Gaylord, Mr. Packard, and the American contralto, Miss Dickeson, will be added to the company, which will also include Madame Burns, Mr. McGuckin, and Mr. Crotty.

AT HENLEY REGATTA.

Brown and Jones, that unlucky couple of aquatic amateurs, whom the shameless speaker of slang might call "duffers," are not likely to see much of a scene, which is pleasant in fine weather, yearly exhibited on the waters and banks of the Thames. Thursday and Friday last were the appointed days, when the neat little town of Henley, sixty-five miles from London, was crowded with visitors; and the river, as usual, was overcrowded with boats of all descriptions. The course, a mile and a quarter long, extends from Regatta Island, below Remenham and Fawley Court, up to the Red Lion and the boat-house at Henley Bridge. On the left hand bank is Berkshire; the right-hand shore, going up the river, is in Bucks as far as Fawley, beyond which it lies in Oxfordshire. The course is pretty straight for about a mile, but at Poplar Point the river has a sharp turn, which is apt to give an undue advantage to the racing boat stationed on the Berks side. But, whenever there is a strong west wind, the bushes growing on the Bucks or Oxfordshire bank afford shelter and smooth water to the boat occupying the right-hand place, while the Berks side lies more exposed. These local conditions, with the chance of getting the choice of sides, are too apt to make the victory in some matches rowed at Henley a matter partly of good luck. Measures have been taken to equalise the value of the positions by placing stakes and buoys on the Berks side, so as to oblige the "inside" boat to keep more in mid-stream; but this can hardly remedy, if it do not rather increase, the opposite unfair effect of a "wind from the bushes." The performance of the rival crews, including some of the Oxford and Cambridge College boat-clubs, those of Eton, Radley, and Bedford schools, the Leander Club, whose crew this year consists entirely of Cambridge University men, the London Rowing Club, the Thames Rowing Club, and the clubs of Kingston and Twickenham, is always creditable to themselves. They seem to say,

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Of course, and on such a course, the deserving may often not get it; but it is by no means implied that the undeserving ever do. The contest for Grand Challenge Cup is the event which has been looked to with most especial interest, but we are unable to state the result in the present notice. The Ladies' Plate will have been competed for by Eton and other public schools, and by two Oxford Colleges, Oriel and Corpus Christi. A novel feature in this Regatta is the presence of a Canadian four-oared crew, the Argonauts of Toronto, who row for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, and whose style is peculiar. We return to condole with Brown and Jones, whose awkward adventures are delineated by our comic Artist. They should have contented themselves with an early place on the river-bank or on the bridge, instead of embarking in that wretched tub which they know not how to manage. It is well that they are spared a ducking, and are only shut up in a position out of sight of the race. The number of clumsy intruders on the water at Henley during the Regatta is a notorious nuisance. If they have to go without supper or bed in the town after losing their train to London, and must tramp some miles for accommodation at night, it may teach them a good lesson for next year.

Lord Wimborne has announced the remission of 25 per cent in the rents of the tenants on all his Welsh estates.

Mr. C. C. Ross, M.P., on Monday morning laid the foundation-stone of a new harbour situate at Newlyn, Mount's Bay, Cornwall. The day was observed as a general holiday. The cost of the pier will be £16,000, which sum has been lent by the Penzance Bank to the fishermen. The harbour will be of great advantage to the important fishing fleet which is engaged in the Cornish mackerel and other fisheries.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD OF WALES AT GUILDHALL: RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD OF WALES AT FISHMONGERS' HALL: PRESENTATION OF FREEDOM OF THE COMPANY.



"THE FATHERLESS."
PICTURE BY JOHN R. REID, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Armagh, of the will (dated Feb. 1, 1865), with three codicils (dated March 10, 1866; Jan. 19, 1869; and Oct. 11, 1884), of Sir James Matthew Stronge, Bart., late of Tynan Abbey, county Armagh, who died on March 11 last, to Sir John Calvert Stronge, Bart., the brother, the sole executor, has just been resealed in London, the aggregate personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, in addition to some other bequests, £500, and he makes up her income, with what she will receive under their marriage settlement, to £1500 per annum; to his brothers, Charles Walter, Edmund Robert Francis, and Maxwell Du Pre, and to his sister, Mrs. McClintock, £500 each; and other legacies. Certain pictures, books, plate, and diamonds are made heirlooms to go with his devised estates. All his real estate in the counties of Armagh, Tyrone, and Londonderry, and elsewhere in Ireland, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he settles to the use of his said brother, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated April 18, 1879), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1880), of Mr. Matthew Flower, late of No. 14, Norfolk-crescent, Hyde Park, and of the Stock Exchange, who died on May 26 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by the Rev. Walker Flower, the son, and Antony Foxcroft Nussey, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £185,000. The testator bequeaths the testimonial plate presented to him by the members of the Stock Exchange, some other plate, and £13,000 to his said son Walker; the rest of his plate and his furniture and effects to his unmarried daughters; an annuity of £220 to his brother, William; an annuity of £180 to his sister, Mrs. Lawrence; and a legacy to his executor Mr. Nussey. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eight children.

Mr. William Henry Garrett, late of No. 12, Highbury-crescent, Highbury, died on May 15 last intestate, and on the 9th ult. letters of administration of his personal estate were, on the renunciation of Mrs. Frances Louisa Jaqueline Elizabeth Garrett, the widow, granted to John Lewis Garrett, the son and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £171,000.

The will (dated May 13, 1878), with two codicils (dated Nov. 5, 1882, and Feb. 10, 1884), of Mrs. Mary King, formerly of Uphall, Hillingdon, near Lynn, Norfolk, but late of St. Peter's-terrace, Cambridge, who died on Feb. 4 last, has been proved by the Rev. James Elletson Bigland and Gerard Brown Finch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £110,000. The testatrix leaves £500 each to Esther Bigland, her late husband's niece, John Edmund Hodgson, and Thomas Elletson Parkin Hodgson; £100 to her grandson and godson, Ernest Gerard Finch; an annuity of £26 to her housekeeper, Mary Ann Fulcher; a diamond ring to her grand-daughter, Rosa Constance King; and all the residue of her real and personal estate to her son, Joshua King, and her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Finch.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1883) of Mr. Henry Samuel Cooper, late of No. 20, West Kensington-gardens, who died on May 3 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by William Johnson and Frith Needham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, £250, and his stock of the Stationers' Company, of which he was a Liveryman, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Cooper; £2500 among the children of his late sister, Mrs. Carr; £500 to Mrs. Price; £250 to each of the children of his sister Mrs. Nicholls; and legacies to his executors and servants. He also bequeaths £100 each to the West London Hospital and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and £50 each to St. James's Home for Women, Fulham-road; the Hospital for Women, Soho-square; Magdalen Hospital, Blackfriars-road; the Drinking Fountain Association, East London Hospital, Shadwell; the Lock Hospital, and Chelsea Hospital for Women. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, Mrs. Kate Charlotte Gardner, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will (dated March 5, 1884) of Mr. William Frederick Weeden, late of No. 12, Louvain-road, New Wandsworth, and of No. 49, Warwick-street, Regent-street, woollen-draper, who died on April 6 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Herbert Dicketts, Nicholas Randall Lusher, and Alfred Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the goodwill of his business to his old servant, Alfred Clarke; £3000, and his furniture and effects at Louvain-road, to his niece Louisa Weeden; £3000 each to his brothers, Henry James and Edward Thomas; £1000 each to his niece Rachel, and the widow of his deceased nephew William; £1000 to each of the other children of his said brothers; £400 each to his executors; and his horses, carriages, and harness to his coachman, Isaac Mumford, if in his service at his death. The residue of his property is to be divided between his brothers, nephews, and nieces before mentioned.

The will (dated March 12, 1884) of Mr. George Dent, late of South Hill, Streatham-common, who died on March 24 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Richard Rothwell and Walter De Hylton Scott, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator, after giving a good many legacies, leaves two fifths of the residue of his real and personal estate to his sister Elizabeth Baynes Dent, and three fifths between his sisters Annie Maitland and Matilda Parkinson, and his brother Frederick Dent.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 28, 1887) of Miss Anne Grace Carnegie, late of Laverockbank House, Trinity, near Edinburgh, who died on March 1 last, granted to Miss Agnes Magdalene Carnegie and Miss Elizabeth Carnegie, the sisters, the surviving executrices and nominee, was sealed in London on the 5th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £24,000.

The Lord Mayor has made an urgent appeal to the public on behalf of the sufferers by the recent disastrous colliery explosion near Manchester.

The annual contest for the Gold Racquet of the M.C.C. was played in the tennis-court at Lord's last Saturday. The competitors were the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who won last year, and also in 1882, and Mr. J. M. Heathcote, who for many years held the championship, and who, indeed, has only been beaten for the title by Mr. Lyttelton on the two occasions named above. The conditions are that a number of competitors enter for what is known as the Silver Racquet, and the winner of that competition, who in the present case was Mr. Heathcote, has to play the previous year's champion. Mr. Lyttelton, playing a brilliant game throughout, won the first set by six games to three, the second by six games to four, and the last, after the marker had called "five games all," by six to five, thus winning the rubber by three sets to love, and securing the amateur championship for the ensuing season for the second year in succession.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

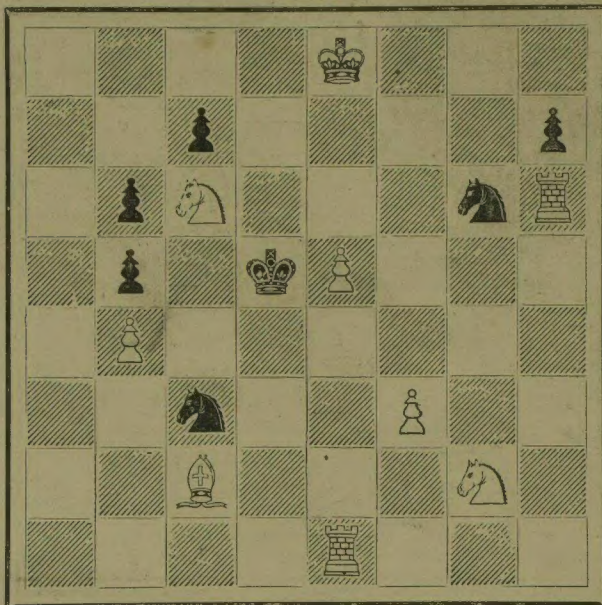
All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CORRESPONDENTS OF PROBLEM No. 2148 received from Emile Krentze, Rev. John Wills (Portland, U.S.A.), Carl Stepan; of S. L. V. PROBLEM from Rev. John Wills; of No. 2149 from B. H. C. (Salisbury), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), Casino Nationale de Jerez, Carl Stepan, Charles Walter, Pierce Jones; of No. 2150 from D. Frangul (Corin), F. L. G. R. L. Southwell, N. S. Harris, S. Bullen, I. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, M. O'Halloran, E. L. G. Rev. W. Anderson (Old Ramsey), George J. Yeale, E. C. Sella (Paris), James Pilkington, M. J. Rudman, G. W. Law, H. Lucas, C. Darragh, W. Miller, K. T. Kemp, D. W. Kell, M. O'Halloran, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N. H. Mullen, Pierce Jones, F. Marshall, W. W. Hunter, Carl Stepan, Charles Walter, and Pierce Jones; of No. 2151 from H. B. Casino Nationale de Jerez, Alpha, Charles Walter, Charles H. Hanlon, Pierce Jones, and A. F. Froggatt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2152 received from L. Desanges, W. Dower, J. Wymann, A. Harper, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, S. Lowndes, J. K. (South Hampstead), Columbus, Ben Nevis, D. S. Cox, F. Ferris, Hereward, J. Naylor, Alpha, Charlotte F. Hanlon (Dublin), A. W. Scrutton, Edmund Field, C. Oswald, Emma (Darlington), E. E. H. G. Huskisson, F. West, W. Byres, C. A. S. (Exeter), T. G. (Ware), C. W. Milson, F. W. Balfour, E. Cornish, and James Inglis Jun'or.

PROBLEM No. 2154.

By KARL FIALA, of Prague.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Notwithstanding the generally rapid progress of the principal tourney, there are a few stragglers who have some leeway to make up to bring them abreast of their competitors. These, everyone is satisfied, are only laggards in appearance. They are amateurs whose ordinary avocations engage their days, and their evenings only can be devoted to Chess. To meet these cases, the Council of the Association have extended the duration of the tourney from June 27 to July 3, on which day the score, as it may then stand, will be taken as final, and the prizes will be awarded accordingly. The most notable event of the meeting since our last report, is the introduction of the game for four players on the 23rd ult. Major Verney, whose apostolic enthusiasm for this form of chess is likely to become infectious, marshalled his forces at the "double," and a wondering crowd gathered around the players to witness this nineteenth-century renaissance, exemplified in a battle royal between Major Bull and Mr. Hales on the one side, and Major Verney and Mr. Hughes-Hughes on the other. The first-named pair were successful, and they soon afterwards scored another victory when opposed by Messrs. Bird and Rosenbaum, thus winning the silver cigarette-case presented by Mr. W. B. Woodgate. The consultation matches, for prizes amounting to £10 10s., presented by Mr. F. H. Lewis, so far as they had progressed up to Tuesday night, resulted as follows:—

Won.		Won.	
Bird and Hewitt	0	Mason and Donnithorpe	1
Gunsberg and Hunter	1	MacDonnell and Pollock	0
Bird and Hewitt	1	Gunsberg and Hunter	0
MacDonnell and Pollock	0	Mason and Donnithorpe	1

Last Saturday the feature of the day was the problem solution tourney for prizes amounting to £4 4s., presented by Mr. Thomas Hewitt. There were very few entries, possibly because of the novelty of the affair. For the solution of the four-move problem, Mr. Gunsberg was awarded the first prize and Mr. H. E. Bird the second. Mr. Herbert Jacobs carried off the prize for the solution of the three-move problem. Both problems were selected from the current tournament of the *Chess Monthly*, and had not been published before submission to the competitors.

On Monday Mr. Gunsberg brought his score up to 13, and thus settled the destination of the chief prize. The victory is a very remarkable one, for it has been achieved without the loss of a solitary game. Of the 14 games Mr. Gunsberg has played up to the time of writing, he has won 12 and drawn 2. It is almost certain that the second prize will fall to Mr. H. E. Bird, although his chance has been jeopardised to some extent by Mr. Hewitt's able and prolonged defence of a difficult attack, resulting in a draw. His score is, as we write, 11½, and an adjourned game, with Guest, to be decided, probably, as another *remise*. The destination of the remaining prizes is uncertain; but the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell is first favourite for the third.

The following is the position of all the competitors up to eleven p.m. on Tuesday, the 30th ult.:—

Gunsberg	13	Hewitt	6
Bird	11½	Mortimer	5½
MacDonnell	10	Mills	5½
Pollock	9½	Leeves	4½
Wainwright	9	De Soyres	4
Loman	8	Rumbold	4
Donnithorpe	8	MacKeson	0½
Guest	6½	Rabson	0½

For the Poet Laureate's Prize the competitors stand as follow:—

Pollock	5	Heppel	2
Donnithorpe	2	MacDonnell	1
De Soyres	2	Trenchard	2

And for Mr. Ruskin's Prize as follow:—

Mortimer	4	De Soyres	4
Milchin	4	Bayliss	2½
Mills	1½	Reeves	1
Rabson	0		

As in the case of the single-handed contest, the Cambridge University lawn-tennis players defeated those of Oxford in the double-handed competition last Saturday.

Viscount Hampden presided last Saturday evening at the annual dinner of the supporters of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Institution, held at Willis's Rooms, which was well attended. £949 was announced as subscriptions. Mention was made by his Lordship that during the past year 20,000 articles left in metropolitan cabs were delivered up by drivers, to whom rewards amounting to upwards of £2000 had been given.

The supremacy of gas as an illuminant has been challenged of late by the electric light, yet the constantly recurring mishaps in the use of the latter have prevented that overthrow of gas which was at first anticipated by the shareholders of electric lighting companies. Eminent authorities have long been of opinion that if a method of gas lighting could be discovered by which the defects of the light might be removed, there would be no fear of electricity taking the place of gas in the estimation of the public. After many attempts on the part of scientific engineers to produce a gas-lamp which shall fulfil this requirement, success has at length been obtained; and in that invented and patented by Mr. F. H. Wenham the defects of the ordinary gas-lamp are notably absent, and a brilliant light is produced at a low cost. Important features of the Wenham lamp are perfect combustion and steadiness. There is no downward shadow whatever, and the flame itself, inclosed in a hemispherical glass, reduces to a minimum the noxious vapours, which in the case of open burners are so deleterious to health and property.

CITY ECHOES.

With the turn of the half-year, money has moved about more freely for several days past, but there is no evidence that the market has really changed, while the dividend payments now commenced may prove to more than offset the recent demands upon the market by the issues of new stock. As regards Stock Exchange securities, the tendency is good for all the best classes; but such descriptions as depend for their profits on the course of trade do not display much strength. This is the case with British railway ordinary stocks, while American railway issues are depressed by continued competition and by bad harvest prospects.

Like the best of its immediate predecessors, the Canadian 4 per cent loan of £1,000,000 was a great success. It was applied for three times over; and, though the minimum was 99, the bonds have been disposed of at and above £101 18s. It is probable that no colonial loan was ever so completely taken up by ordinary investors, the general experience being that syndicates obtain the greater part, with the view of themselves retailing it out to the small investor.

The complaints as to the allotment of the Chinese loans are probably sincere enough; but it is hardly likely that the allotment was irregular in the way assumed, as the issuers well know that very recently the Stock Exchange committee refused a quotation to an issue because the allotment-book was withheld from inspection. It is within anyone's power to require the committee to follow that precedent in this case.

Like most, if not all, other land companies, the Canada Company feels the pressure of the times, and has declared a dividend of £1 10s. per share for the past half-year. As only £1 per share is now paid up, this return is equal to 300 per cent per annum, but as the shareholders have been used to 400 per cent per annum, they do not like the present rate. They can, however, hardly expect much sympathy from outside with the degree of adversity they are undergoing. The price of their shares has recently much fallen, but the £1 is still worth little short of £90.

Doing business with landowners is just now more profitable than owning land, and in contrast to the experience just noted is the report of the Queensland Investment and Land Mortgage Company, Limited. It was established in 1878, led off with a dividend of 8 per cent, followed by an advance to 10, and then to 12½, which rate is once more declared.

Although the result of the working of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad Company would admit of a slight cash payment on the first mortgage bonds, no dividend, except in deferred warrants, will be distributed for the half-year to March last. The last cash payment was £1 per coupon in July last, preceded by £3 5s. in January of that year. The present price of the bonds is 21½, which compares with 32½ at the end of December last.

New York Central Railroad directors have declared a dividend of 2 per cent per annum for the past quarter, with the object, it is said, of preventing the inconvenience which follows the entire suspension of dividends to those who borrow or lend on the shares. The price had been £4 on the expectation that there would be no dividend, and there has since been a recovery.

A first dividend of 5 per cent per annum is announced by the New Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Eastern Telegraph dividend for the complete year is to be 6 per cent, which is the rate paid previously; but when the report is out we shall probably see that there is a large undivided balance as the result of the increased political intercourse with the East.

The announcements of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company simply provide for interest on the first mortgage bonds, the general mortgage again going into arrear.

The financial news from Mexico is of the gravest character, and shows how unwise it was of the Government not to have embraced one of the many opportunities it has had to reinstate its foreign credit.

T. S.

"THE FATHERLESS."

In this picture, which is in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, a young girl with her mother, apparently mourners for a recent bereavement, stand among their sympathising friends and neighbours, in a field where the deceased father's stock is about to be sold by auction. A favourite calf, one of the animals to be parted with, like all the rest, is waiting its turn, as well as the dog, the ducks, the hen and chickens, to the sorrow of the affectionate child, who bids farewell to her dumb companions of the farmyard with many gentle caresses. Other children gather round a small table set for the accommodation of the auctioneer, or of the bailiff, while the stock is being inspected and the remaining business men are expected to arrive. The different figures have much variety of expression, and the scene is one of considerable interest; it is relieved, moreover, by a wide view of the sea and sky. To the left, where the cliff breaks off, are the housetops and church-towers of a seaside village or little town, reminding us of the home of Enoch Arden.

Nearly 7000 Volunteers of metropolitan regiments underwent last Saturday the annual Government inspection by officers of the Regular Army deputed by the War Office.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at the Port of Liverpool from the United States and Canada amounted to 2318 cattle, 7070 quarters of beef, and 330 carcasses of mutton.

At the sale of her Majesty's yearlings at the Hampton Court Paddock last Saturday, the twenty-two lots disposed of realised a total of 3140 guineas, the highest price being given for a colt by Springfield—Eglington, who was sold to Mr. Douglas Baird for 610 guineas.

The week's competitions of the Edinburgh Rifle Meeting concluded last Saturday evening with the final stage for the Caledonian Challenge Shield. The winner of this prize holds the position of champion shot of Scotland; and this honour was taken by Corporal Duncan, Dalkeith, with a score of 66; the second-being taken by M'Vittie, of Dumfries, with 62.

Earl Spencer, accompanied by the Countess, took his departure from Dublin on Saturday, on vacating the Lord Lieutenantcy, amid many friendly farewells and a few expressions of hostility. One of the last acts of his Excellency at the castle was to present souvenirs of his Viceroyalty to a number of the members of the Dublin Metropolitan Force.—The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert on Countess Spencer, as a mark of her Majesty's personal esteem.—The departure of Lord Spencer from Dublin has been speedily followed by the arrival of the new Viceroy in the Irish capital. The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon arrived in Dublin on Monday evening. They were accompanied by the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Sir William Hart-Dyke), and received by Sir Robert Hamilton, K.C.B. (Under-Secretary for Ireland), and Mr. Edward Gibson, M.P. At a Privy Council held at Dublin Castle on Tuesday, the Earl of Carnarvon was sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Sir W. Hart-Dyke as Chief Secretary, and Mr. Gibson as Lord Chancellor.

LUGANO AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.

Lugano has long been a favourite resort of the travellers of all nations visiting the north of Italy. It is now rendered more accessible by the new railway of the St. Gothard from Lucerne. All visitors to Lugano speak highly of the lovely scenery presented by its situation on the lake surrounded by mountains; of its dark-blue Italian sky and its mild and agreeable climate. A writer of the present day describes it as being a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth. The town itself has many interesting features. It has quite an Italian character, with its numerous arcades, in the shade of which the lounge finds a shelter from the sun. On the quay along the lake shore, from the Hôtel du Parc to the Villa Ciani, are the first-class hotels, with every convenience; the Grand Hôtel du Parc, the Hôtel Beau-Séjour, and the Hôtel Ceresio; there is also the Hôtel Washington, once the residence of the Government of the Canton; its front is a masterpiece of architecture. In the Villa Ciani, surrounded by its noble park, the lover of art will find statues by the famous Ticino sculptor Vela. Among the public buildings are the Lyceum, the new school, and the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo. Behind Lugano, in a fine position, commanding the whole town and surroundings, stands the station of the St. Gothard Railway. Not far from here, to the left, is the Villa Maraini, built in the Pompeian style; close to it is the castle-like Villa Luini. An hour's walk brings us to the modern Castle of Trevano, the residence of the late Russian Baron Von Derwies. The neighbourhood consists of gently rising hills, with scattered villages, each with a church, farms, and villas; and mountains of considerable height, covered with trees and bushes almost up to the top. There are other mountains in the background, lofty and steep, wild and romantic-looking—Monte Generoso, called the Rigi of the Ticino, commanding from its summit a grand view of the Alps and the vast Lombard plain; and the Monti Camoghè, Tamaro, and Lema. At the foot of these lie enticing valleys, through which flow many streams, here and there forming mirror-like lakes, in whose waters the scenery is reflected. To the right of Lugano rises the solitary Monte St. Salvatore, covered on one side with trees, whilst the other side is wild and precipitous, having the appearance of an extinct volcano. St. Salvatore, from whatever part of the lake it is viewed, always presents an interesting aspect.

The Lake of Lugano is remarkable in its shape; one might imagine it to be a meeting of several lakes, as each of the several arms seems a small lake by itself. Steam navigation was first started in 1848, was discontinued after a time, and was taken up again in 1856; it is now managed on a grand scale. In consequence of the yearly increasing number of travellers visiting the three Italian lakes, and in order to facilitate communication, steam tram-lines have been laid between Porlezza and Menaggio, on the Lake of Como, and Pontetresa and Luino, on the Lake Maggiore. They were opened for traffic last spring, so that the traveller, starting from his place of sojourn at Lugano, can in a very short time, and with all convenience visit the lakes of Como and Maggiore.

From Lugano to Porlezza, a distance of about nine miles, the steamer passes along the north-eastern branch of the lake, with mountains on both sides. On the right is the Monte Caprino, on the left are Monte Brè and Monte Boglia, with others. It is the left side which most attracts our attention. Protected from the north wind, numerous villas, with gardens in which all kinds of tropical plants are grown, remind us of Nice and the Riviera. Pleasant villages rise among the vineyards; in one of these, Castagnola, the painter, Discepoli (Zoppo) was born; here the Italian politician, Carlo Cattaneo, died; and here lived the Polish patriot, Kosciuszko. Further on, the steamer calls at Gandria, a village built like an eagle's nest on the rocks, the houses almost on top of each other. Aloes of every kind adorn the steep rocks; and olive, fig, and almond trees grow along the shore, touching with their branches the dark-blue waters. The steamer calls at Oria and St. Mamette, having, soon after leaving Gandria, passed the Italian boundary. A lovely valley, strewn with villages, here approaches the lake, presenting a new and most charming prospect. From here the steamer crosses over to the opposite side, whence the shore that it has just left appears most beautiful.

The left shore is different from the north side, as the scenery is wilder, Monte Caprino descending in most places steep into the sea; only here and there we see a strip of cultivated land, with some cottages and a church. For a moment, we can once more see the St. Salvatore, from another point of view; then we steam round a point and come in sight of Osteno, a small Italian village, famous for its cave, often visited by travellers who take an interest in natural phenomena. From here we cross the lake again, and in a quarter of an hour arrive at Porlezza, where we land close to the railway station. After having passed the Italian Custom House, we take our seats in the comfortable railway carriages; and off we go, first through fertile plains, through wheat and maize fields, until we come to the little lake of Piano. A charming view lies before us—this little dark-blue lake surrounded by gently rising hills, overgrown with vines, and mountains with chestnut-trees. Here one ought to look back once more upon the Lake of Lugano, which, with its surrounding mountains, appears most interesting. After a short stoppage at the station of Piano, the railway runs in large but gentle curves through several villages, passing several villas, the summer residences of rich Italian families, who wish to escape from the heat of the Lombard plain. We next call at Grandola, the highest point on this line, which now begins to descend through wild and rocky country. Great difficulties were met with in the construction of the railway, which were overcome in a scientific manner—a masterpiece of modern railway engineering. Through tunnels and over bridges the line proceeds, always descending, until, after passing a number of curves and zigzags, we come upon the most charming part of the Lake of Como. The sight is really grand; the railway has been built so as to show the scenery to its best advantage, and one cannot imagine a finer sight than that which is enjoyed here from the railway train. In front lie the villages of Varenna and Fiumelatte; to the right, that exquisite point of Bellagio, smiling in almost an eternal spring, and the picturesque inlet of Lecco, with Monte Resegone in the background, which reminds us of the "Promessi Sposi," Manzoni's interesting tale. To the left, the eye wanders towards the limit of the blue waters; and, farther off, the gaze is met by the snow-capped tops of the Rhetian Alps. Altogether, the panorama is so grand as to defy description.

We now come to Menaggio, the end of the railway, whence we have an opportunity either of going to Bellagio by boat or steamer, visiting the stately villas which adorn the shores, and returning the same day to Porlezza and Lugano; or we can go to Como by steamer, and from there by railway to Lugano. All this may easily be done in one day; and no visitor to Lugano should fail to make a trip by the route above-described to the Lake of Como.

Another even more interesting trip is from Lugano per steamer to Pontetresa, and from there by the new railway to Luino, on the Lake Maggiore. The journey from Lugano to Pontetresa is longer, but is more enjoyable than that to

Porlezza. On leaving Lugano, we first pass the celebrated caves, the wine-cellars of Caprino, which lie to our left. These are often visited by boats from Lugano, a distance of half an hour's sail. Thence, proceeding along the left shore, the steamer calls at Campione, a small Italian place, surrounded by Swiss territory, and celebrated for its pottery. To the right is Monte St. Salvatore, with its steep naked rocks descending into the lake; along the shore runs the St. Gothard railway for Chiasso. Before us is the fine bridge, about 900 yards long, crossing the lake from Melide to Bissonne, one of the grand works of this century. At each end of the bridge there are large arches, to allow the steamers to run through; and it is a fine sensation to cross just at the moment when a train of the St. Gothard railway runs at full speed over the iron bridge above us. Having passed the bridge, and called at the two villages of Bissonne and Melide—the latter well known for its cool wine-cellars—we come where the lake divides itself into the two arms of Capolago and Porto. Leaving the bay of Capolago to the left, we steam along the right shore, passing some fine villas, towards Morente, Porto Ceresi, and Brusigniano, and after having crossed the arm of Agno, and gone through the strait of Lavina, we come to the arm of the Tresa, the end and outlet of the lake. All this way from Melide, the most charming and diversified views afford continual surprise. At Pontetresa, a village situated half on the right and half on the left shore of the river Tresa, and therefore half in Swiss and half in Italian territory, is the railway station, close to the landing-place of the steamers. We take the tram-carriages, similar to those on the line from Porlezza to Menaggio, and run along the left shore of the Tresa, the outlet of the Lake of Lugano, the line following all the curves and bends of the river, and passing along the base of the mountains. To our left, the scenery is rather wild, and only very small portions of land admit of cultivation; while on the north side the soil is rich, as the hills and mountains rise gently; this side is therefore better populated, and numerous villages, each with a pretty church, bear witness to the industry of the inhabitants. Several hundred feet above the river, we notice villages placed on a fine plateau, and commanding the valley; these are Purasca, Croglia, Castelrotto, Bedigliora. As we proceed, new scenery opens before us; here a hill, covered with vines to the very top; there a river, or mountain stream, rushing out of a wild valley, in the hollow of which is noticed a solitary church, with few houses behind it. Here and there, high up, stands a lonely villa, crowning the summit of a hill; and, above all, Monte Lema rises into the blue sky, its slopes descending gently towards the river; green pastures studded with cottages adorn its sides, wild streams rush through ravines and fall into the Tresa, watering its richly cultivated banks.

Whilst the mind is fully impressed with the charms of this scenery, we pass along numerous curves and through two tunnels, after which we cross a bridge to the right shore. We have left behind us the lovely valley, and have entered into a narrow rocky gorge. Only the rushing of the river breaks the silence in this wild solitude. The train now follows the river, and the ravine gets wider and wider, till the blue horizon once more appears, and we arrive at Creva. New scenery presents itself, but this time not the wild and romantic; we have come back to cultivation and industry; we see a number of high smoking chimneys of large manufactories, while the noise of spinning and weaving machines attests the industry of the population of this small town. From here the train descends through beautiful cultivated land, past splendid villas and factories, and suddenly we come in sight of the end of our journey. Before us lies the expanse of Lake Maggiore; here is Luino; and opposite is Cannero, with its old castles, which remind us of D'Azeglio; to the right are Cannobio and Brissago; to the left is a beautiful view along the lake, towards Intrà, Pallanza, and the Borromean Isles. Crossing now the railway of the St. Gothard, and passing the town of Luino, after having described the 101st curve, the train brings us down to the station by the lake, close to the landing-place of the steamers for the Isles of Borromeo, for Intrà, Pallanza, or Baveno. In the places we have mentioned, within easy reach of Lugano, the geologist, the botanist, and the antiquary will find rich food for study, observation, and research. Those who are fond of walks, rides, and excursions, will have an endless choice of points to which to direct their steps. Artists will find a rich abundance of subjects for their pencil, and the eye, the mind, and the heart will be satisfied with the varied beauties of this delightful region.

BASS-FISHING.

The species of "bass" caught on the south coast of England and Ireland, as well as on those of France, Portugal, and the Mediterranean, must be distinguished from the fresh-water fish of that name, the "black bass," which abounds in the lakes and rivers of Canada and the United States, and the introduction of which into this country has lately been proposed. The *labrax lupus* is a marine perch, having teeth on the tongue, nine spines on the front dorsal fin, and scales on the gill-covers; this fish is gregarious in its habits, and in autumn enters the estuaries of rivers to deposit its spawn. It feeds on various small fishes, such as young whiting, and will eat shrimps and other small crustaceans. Like the mackerel and pilchard, it avoids the colder regions of the sea, and is found only on those parts of our island shores which are affected by the influence of the Gulf Stream. The bass fishery here is of no importance as a branch of industry or as a source of food-supply, but angling for bass is occasionally practised on the Sussex coast and along the West of England; and our Sketch represents a party of seaside visitors, ladies and gentlemen, amusing themselves in this way on the timber piers at the mouth of a river.

The 12,000-up spot-barred billiard-match, in which John Roberts (the champion) conceded W. Cook a start of 2000 points, ended at the Westminster Aquarium last Saturday in a victory for Cook by 266 points. Cook ultimately reached 12,000 while his rival left off at 11,734.

In London last week 2419 births and 1279 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 261, and the deaths 189, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 13 from smallpox, 90 from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 46 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, and 44 from dysentery.

At a crowded meeting on Tuesday, Professor Gladstone, F.R.S., distributed the prizes to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women, in association with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, and then gave a short address to the students, in which he said he had viewed with interest the progress of the movement for medical education for the past thirty years. Professor Harvey, M.D., of Calcutta, said that hundreds of thousands of Indians were suffering from the want of medical care. Mr. Norton gave notice of the foundation of the John Byron Scholarship from the proceeds of a legacy recently left to the school.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE SCOTT-DOUGLAS, BART.

Sir George Henry Scott-Douglas, fourth Baronet, of Springwood Park, in the county of Roxburgh, J.L., Hon. Colonel Border Rifle-Volunteers, and a Brigadier-General Royal Company of Archers, whose death is just announced, was only son of Sir John James Douglas, third Baronet, a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who assumed the additional surname and arms of Scott on his marriage with Hannah Charlotte, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Henry Scott, of Belford, in the county of Roxburgh. The baronetcy had been conferred on Admiral Sir James Douglas, a distinguished naval commander, in 1786. Sir George was formerly Captain 34th Regiment. He sat in Parliament, as a Conservative, from 1874 to 1880; but was defeated in the latter year. He succeeded his father Jan. 23, 1836; and married, Nov. 1, 1851, Mariquita Juana Petronilla, eldest daughter of Don Francisco Sanchez De Pina, of Gibraltar, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. The eldest son, James Henry Scott-Douglas, Lieutenant 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, was killed in the war in Zululand. The next son, now Sir George Brisbane Scott-Douglas, fifth Baronet, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge, was born Dec. 2, 1856.

THE HON. SIR ADOLPHUS LIDDELL.

The Hon. Sir Adolphus Frederic Octavius Liddell, M.A., K.C.B., Q.C., Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, died on the 29th ult. He was born Jan. 15, 1818, the eighth son of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth, was educated at Eton, and graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1838, Third Class Classics. Formerly Fellow of All Souls', he was called to the Bar in 1844, and obtained a silk gown in 1861. In 1867 he was made Permanent Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and in 1880 created K.C.B. Sir Adolphus married, Oct. 14, 1845, Frederica Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. George Lane Fox, of Bramham Park, Yorkshire, and by her (who died Nov. 29, 1867) leaves one surviving son, Adolphus George Charles, barrister-at-law, born 1846; and four daughters—the eldest married to the Hon. Frederick Canning Lascelles, and the youngest to the Hon. North Dalrymple, Scots Guards.

SIR SEYMOUR FITZGERALD.

The Right Hon. Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitzgerald, G.C.S.I., P.C., M.A., D.C.L., barrister-at-law, died on the 28th ult. He was born in 1817, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate Prize and was Second Class in Classics. He graduated in 1837, proceeded M.A. 1844, was called to the Bar in 1839, and joined the Northern Circuit. His first election for Horsham was in 1848, and he sat, subsequently, for that borough as a Conservative from 1852 to 1865, and from 1874 to 1875. In 1858 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in 1867 became Governor of Bombay, and in 1875 Chief Commissioner of Charities for England and Wales. He married, in 1810, Maria Tryphena, eldest daughter of Dr. Edward Seymour, and by her (who died May 6, 1865) leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Josceline Percy (Margaret), only daughter of Sir David Davidson, of Cantray, and widow of Lord Josceline Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, on the 19th ult., at 111, Eaton-square. Her Ladyship was first married to Sir Robert Grant.

The Rev. Edward William Blore, M.A., Senior Fellow and Vice Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the eldest son of late Edward Blore, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., on the 24th ult., aged fifty-seven. He graduated at Cambridge in 1851, as a wrangler and fifth in the classical tripos.

Mr. James Kitson, of Leeds, on the 30th ult., seventy-eight years of age. He was the founder of the Monkbridge and other large ironworks. In 1860 and 1861 he was Mayor of Leeds, and for many years he was a director of the North-Eastern Railway Company.

Captain Henry Amelius Beauclerk Coventry, well known on the turf as a gentleman rider, on the 29th ult., after a short illness. The deceased, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, was the eldest son of the Hon. Henry Amelius, youngest son of the eighth Earl of Coventry, and was born on May 15, 1842.

Mrs. Palles (Ellen), wife of the Right Hon. Christopher Palles, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and only daughter of the late Mr. Denis Doyle, of Dublin, on the 22nd ult. The esteem in which this excellent lady was held, and the sorrow caused by her death, were evidenced by the long cortege that attended her funeral.

General James Conolly, C.B., on the 22nd ult., at Wiesbaden. He was born in 1818, entered the Army in 1836, became Major-General in 1868, and was made C.B. in 1875. For his services in the Crimea, he had the Medal with two clasps, the Legion of Honour and the fifth class Medjidieh. From 1867 to 1869 he was Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, and acted as Military Attaché at Frankfurt, 1866 to 1869; at Vienna, 1869 to 1871; and at Paris, 1871 to 1880.

The Lord Mayor preached at Brunswick Chapel, Great Dover-street, Borough, last Sunday night, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the chapel.

Last Saturday afternoon the Earl of Rosebery handed over to the Provost of Govan a park of forty acres, purchased and laid out by Mrs. Elder, widow of Mr. John Elder, founder of the Clyde firm of shipbuilders. The total cost has been £50,000. The day was kept as a holiday.

Sir N. M. De Rothschild, M.P., presided on Sunday at the annual distribution of prizes at the Jews' Free School, Spital-fields, when Dr. Adler and several other speakers congratulated him on the great honour which, as had been announced, the Queen was about to confer upon him.

Last Saturday afternoon the Scottish Gathering, in aid of the Scottish charities in London, was held at the Stamford-bridge Grounds. Amongst those present were the Maharajah of Johore and the Duke and Duchess of Athole. At the close of the proceedings the Duchess of Athole presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

The Governors of Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse have elected the Rev. Richard Elwyn, M.A., Rector of East Farleigh and Honorary Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, to the mastership of the hospital, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Currey. Canon Elwyn was formerly Head Master of Charterhouse School.

On Tuesday the Earl of Kimberley, who is the president of University College, Gower-street, distributed the prizes gained by the successful students in the faculties of arts and laws, and of science. His Lordship congratulated the college. The fact that one of their number (Mr. Arthur Berry) had attained to the distinguished honour of senior wrangler reflected credit both upon the school and the college. He addressed the students at some length, referring to the advantages of the combination of college life and home life, which they enjoyed.



LUGANO AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.



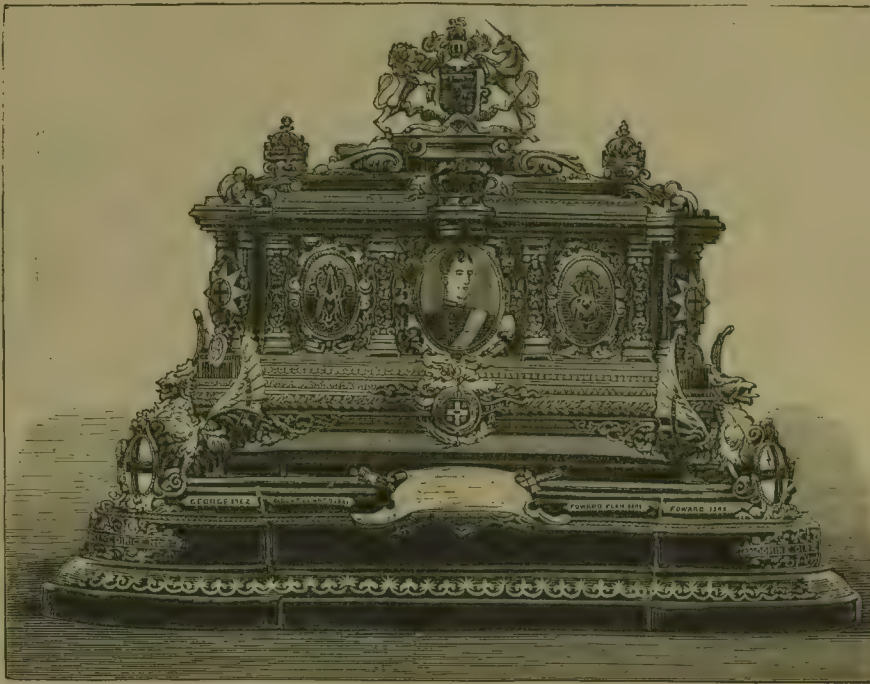
BASS-FISHING ON THE SOUTH COAST.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD IN THE CITY.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, who may some day be King Edward VII., and whom we should therefore prefer now to call Prince Edward, visited the City of London on Monday, with his Royal parents, and was presented at Guildhall with the freedom of the City Corporation. On Wednesday last week, his Royal Highness was entertained at Fishmongers' Hall by the Fishmongers' Company, and then received the freedom of that historic Guild. The Prime Warden, Mr. E. Lonsdale Beckwith, who was about to retire from office, presided on that occasion for the last time, having the young Prince seated on his right hand, and the Duke of Cambridge on his left. The freedom of the Company, the certificate of which was inclosed in a gold casket, was presented by the Prime Warden in proposing the toast of the health of his Royal Highness. Prince Edward made a brief speech in reply, expressing his pleasure that he should enter on the duties and privileges of a citizen of London through membership of that Company, of which his father and several others of the Royal family had been members. He had noticed, in passing the Hall, the guard of honour composed of a detachment of the Royal Naval Volunteers, and the winners of Doggett's coat and badge. Having spent five of the happiest years of his life in her Majesty's Navy, and still holding a commission in the Naval Reserve, he cherished sympathy and fellow-feeling with all who were connected with the sea, and he felt this to be a bond of connection with the ancient craft of Fishmongers. The Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord John Manners, Admiral Sir H. Keppel, and Mr. E. J. Phelps, the new Minister of the United States, spoke to different toasts; and the chair was vacated by Mr. Beckwith in favour of Mr. W. T. Brand, the New Prime Warden.

The proceedings at Guildhall on Monday were attended with all the customary formalities of a grand municipal ceremony. The Court of Common Council, presided over by the Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. R. N. Fowler, M.P., with all the high City officials in full costume, the Aldermen in their scarlet robes, and the Common Councilmen in their robes of dark blue, assembled in the Guildhall Library. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the



CASKET FOR FREEDOM OF THE CITY
PRESENTED TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD OF WALES.

members of the Reception Committee, met the Royal party on their arrival, and the members and officers of the Corporation, with the Sheriffs, formed a procession conducting them to the Library, with a flourish of trumpets; the Lord Mayor walking first with the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales coming next with the Lady Mayoress, and Prince Edward of Wales, with his sister, Princess Louise, followed by Prince George of Wales, with the Duke of Cambridge. Miss Halse presented a bouquet of flowers to the Princess of Wales. Among the company were the American Minister, the French, German, Italian, and Turkish Ambassadors, Lord Cranbrook, Lord John Manners, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. E. Stanhope, new Cabinet Ministers, the Duke of Portland, the Earl and Countess of Lathom, Lord and Lady Chelmsford, Lady Burdett-

Edward the last King of that name, who endowed our City with the splendid foundations of Christ's, of Bethlehem, of Bridewell, and of St. Thomas's Hospitals." The Chamberlain remarked that no preceding instance could be found of all the sons of a reigning Sovereign being enrolled as citizens, or of the son of a Prince of Wales being enrolled in his father's lifetime. He offered the right hand of fellowship to Prince Edward, and presented the casket which contained the document of his civic freedom. Prince Edward having received this and shaken hands with the Chamberlain, addressed the Lord Mayor and the Corporation in very appropriate terms; having acknowledged what had been said of the examples of his father and grandfather, he noticed the reference to his own "old English name, Edward," which he

Countess, Lady John Manners, and other persons of rank.

The Lord Mayor having taken the chair, and the company on the dais being seated, Sir John Monckton, the Town Clerk, read the resolution of the Court of Common Council, with the address of congratulation, which was presented to the Prince of Wales by the Recorder, Sir Thomas Chambers. The Prince of Wales, for himself and the Princess, returned thanks for the address. The Recorder next presented to Prince Edward of Wales the resolution admitting him to the freedom of the City, and produced a copy of the certificate in its gold casket. A declaration signed by six London citizens, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, Messrs. R. C. Halse, Dresser-Rogers, T. Beard, W. B. Garrett, and G. Manners, attesting the birth of Prince Edward and his patrimonial right to the freedom of the City, was then read; after which the young Prince read and signed the declaration promising allegiance to the Queen and fidelity to the laws and customs of the City. The City Chamberlain, Mr. B. Scott, addressed him in a set oration, reminding him that his Royal father and his Royal uncles had likewise inherited this franchise from the lamented Prince Consort, of whom he spoke in terms of the highest praise; and he observed that the young Prince bore, in addition to the name of Albert, the name also of Edward, "one greatly honoured in our civic history—Edward, the name of the Royal Confessor, who founded our City's laws and conferred rights of self-government, of which we are jealous, and which have been exercised, with one brief interval only, to this day; Edward of Cressy, the bravest of our Plantagenet Princes; and



NEW BUILDING OF THE BIRKBECK INSTITUTE,
BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY-LANE.



NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR THE PARALYSED AND EPILEPTIC,
QUEEN-SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

has inherited also from his great-grandfather, the Duke of Kent, and from other more remote ancestors. He said that "the great Edwardian period of English history" was part of that national heritage in which he was proud to own a share. He looked forward to the future not without awe, but with a well-grounded hope, as he had seen, in other lands beyond the seas, occupied by British subjects, how they cherish the freedom, personal, political, and municipal, which is to our race "as natural and necessary as the air we breathe." He found it so cherished in the City of London, "the nerve centre, as it were, of our trade and national life, whose intricate network is woven over the surface of the globe." His Royal Highness ended by taking the hand of the Lord Mayor. The Common Council proceedings were concluded by entering some formal resolutions, and presenting to Prince Edward four gentlemen, Mr. Loveridge, Alderman Lawrence, Mr. R. C. Halse, and Alderman Sir R. Carden, by whom his admission had been proposed and seconded.

The Lord Mayor afterwards entertained the company, to the number of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, including their Royal Highnesses, at a *déjeuner* served in the Great Hall. The Prince of Wales returned thanks for the toast of health to himself and the Princess and their family, and Prince Edward for that of "the Junior Citizen of London." The Duke of Cambridge spoke for the Army and Navy.

The gold casket in which the freedom of the City was presented, and of which we give an illustration, was manufactured specially by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street; it is of Renaissance design, and bears on its four sides a portrait of Prince Edward, and portraits of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The building erected by the Royal Colonial Institute in Northumberland-avenue has cost nearly £20,000, of which £4500 has been subscribed by Fellows of the Institute.

A circular hospital, built by the Hampstead Board of Guardians, the first public one of the kind in England, has been completed at Hampstead, at a cost of £15,000.

Terms of agreement were sanctioned in the Queen's Bench Division on Monday in the matter of the Knole Park right-of-way case; judgment being in favour of Lord Sackville, the proprietor of the estate.

It appears from a Parliamentary return that in March last the Sub-Commissioners under the Irish Land Act fixed judicial rents in 11,884 cases. The total of such judicial rents was £112,052, showing, on the whole, a reduction of over £2700 upon the rents previously paid.

An offering of £1500 was anonymously made on the 24th ult., the first anniversary of Bishop Anson's consecration, at a special service held in the north-west chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral, to help forward the scheme of the St. John's Collegiate Farm, which the Bishop is now initiating.

Lord Mount-Temple presided on the 25th ult. at the annual meeting of the Commons Preservation Society, held at his residence. The Earl of Shaftesbury moved a resolution affirming that the preservation of the commons was of increasing importance, which was unanimously adopted.

The rifle contest for the Abercorn Cup terminated, at the rifle ranges, Dollymont, with the following result of the two days' shooting:—Joynt, 453; Brathwaite, 452; Montgomery, 449; Andrew Ganley, 446; John Rigby, 445; F. Cooper, 441; F. W. Henry, 431; Sir Robert Hamilton, 428. Messrs. Joynt, Brathwaite, Montgomery, and Ganley will thus be included in the Irish Eight for the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon.

We learn from the *West London Observer* that Mr. Walter Ingram, who was attached to the Marine Brigade in the Soudan, gave recently an entertaining lecture, entitled "To the Rescue of Gordon," at the North Kensington Assembly Rooms, in connection with the St. Michael's Church entertainments. Dr. Kerr Gray presided, and the room was crowded. The first part of the evening was devoted to songs and recitals, by Miss Goode and an amateur orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Field. Mr. Ingram, who was greeted with loud applause, then gave a graphic account of his experiences with the Relief Expedition. He found the life pleasant, but replete with hardships, and full of incident. On one occasion, his boat was capsized, and he had the greatest difficulty in rescuing his engineer, named Mitchell. Mr. Ingram also related several anecdotes of Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, and the late General Stewart and Colonel Burnaby, with all of whom he was constantly thrown in contact, and of whom he had formed a high opinion.—The *West London Observer*, which is conducted with great skill and care, in its number for Saturday last contains a well-written article on the Fine-Art Two-Feeder "Bremner" machine used in producing the *Illustrated London News* at the Inventions Exhibition.

THE HOSPITAL FOR PARALYSED AND EPILEPTIC.

The National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, which has been above twenty-five years in existence, will henceforth be enlarged by the additional accommodation provided in the Albany Memorial block of buildings, to be opened to-day by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The late Duke of Albany, in 1882, after his sister, Princess Christian, had opened the adjoining part of the building, undertook to pre-empt the effort then commenced for a further extension, which is now completed. The new Albany Memorial block is that which is seen in front from Queen's-square, but in the rear there is another, called the Eastern block, and further back is the Princess Christian block; in these the present patients are installed. The three blocks are for practical purposes separate, yet are in communication with each other. By October, when the entire hospital is expected to be in full working order, there will be beds for 180 patients. Here, and at the convalescent establishment at Finchley, there will be accommodation for 120 free patients. The remaining beds will be for patients admitted on payment of a guinea per week, and there will be six beds for patients who desire separate rooms at a higher charge. At least £11,000 a year will be required to keep the hospital in full operation, and of this not more than £4000 a year may be put down as assured income; the balance must come from public liberality. There are altogether eleven wards, each with its light and airy day-room; six of them are in the Albany Memorial building. From nearly every window green trees and the garden of the square are seen. The architects, Messrs. M. P. Manning and J. W. Simpson, have worked successfully with the medical and scientific authorities consulted in the design; and even to the kitchen and basement corridors, a cheerful effect has been produced. The buildings as a whole, covering an acre of ground, are on a concrete foundation. The principal material is brick, and terra-cotta is largely used in the architectural features. The floors and staircases are fire-proof, and in the wards and day-rooms the overlaying is of unpolished teak; elsewhere, the flooring is of encaustic tiling, asphalt, or marble mosaic. The interior walls are of smooth surface, either cement or glazed tiles. Hydraulic lifts are a great improvement on the old custom of carrying patients up flights of stairs. A system of baths, necessary for special cases, has been introduced, and for the electricity which now enters so much into the treatment of nervous diseases, a gas-engine and dynamo are being built. East of the board-room, which is richly panelled in American walnut, is a chapel capable of seating 150 persons. The principal wards are named after founders, and are designated the Chandler, George Charles Porter, Henry E. Murrell, Elizabeth Morgan, David Wire (the Lord Mayor of that name who was first president), John Back, and Anne Pugh wards. The Elizabeth Morgan ward is for twenty-two children's cots. The ground floor of the Princess Christian block is for out-patients; the east and upper floor of the Princess Christian blocks for male patients, and the west block (the Albany Memorial) for female patients and children.

At the bazaar recently held at Cannon-street Hotel, kindly opened by the Princess of Wales, on behalf of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney-road, more than £3000 was realised. The committee are making strenuous efforts to wipe off the remainder of the debt (about £1200) by the end of the year.

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THE BIRKBECK INSTITUTION.

Sixty years ago, by the efforts of Dr. George Birkbeck, M.D., the London Mechanics' Institution was founded, which was accommodated at first in a chapel in Monkwell-street, London-wall, but afterwards in the well-known premises in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, which were opened by the Duke of Sussex and Lord Brougham on July 8, 1825. Dr. Birkbeck, one of the most eminent and useful of English social reformers, died in 1841, and the institution has since been named after him, "The Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution." Its early history is related in the biography of the founder, a volume entitled "George Birkbeck, the Pioneer of Popular Education," by Mr. J. G. Goddard, published last year by Messrs. Bemoose and Sons.

The new building of the Birkbeck Institute, to be opened next week, has cost about £20,000; its exterior is shown in our illustration. It has two frontages, the principal one in Bream's-buildings, the other in Rolls-buildings. It is a rather handsome structure of red brick with stone dressings, somewhat in the Queen Anne style, suggesting the idea of a London Board school of a more substantial and ornate character. It is very complete and commodious in its arrangements. The principal feature internally is an excellent lecture theatre, which, with its two galleries, one above the other, will seat nearly a thousand persons, and is a very comfortable and tastefully decorated hall. Underneath the floor is a "stable" for bicycles and tricycles on the basement. On the first floor are the reading-room, a magazine-room, the library, and a refreshment-room. On this and the floors above are a dozen large class-rooms, a minor hall, an art studio, a chemical laboratory, and a suite of apartments for the secretary, who will reside upon the premises. Hand-lifts are provided from the ground-floor to the top. A very excellent feature of the new premises is the safeguards and provisions that have been made against fire or panic. No door in the place will open inwards only, and nearly all of them will swing either way; the structure itself appears to be thoroughly fireproof. The galleries of the lecture theatre have ample staircases separate from the entrances to the body of the hall. The warming of the place is intrusted to Captain Galton's fire-grates, and the ventilation is on Boyle's system. Messrs. Fowler and Hill are the architects, and Mr. B. Nightingale the builder.

A preliminary meeting was held on Tuesday evening at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Cardinal Manning, to form an Empire Defence League, with the object of directing public attention to the state of the coast defences.

The revenue returns for the first quarter of the financial year were issued on Tuesday evening. On the quarter there is a net increase of £192,323 as compared with the same period in 1884, and on the twelve months a net increase of £1,884,584.

The Cunard steamer Gallia, due at Liverpool on Monday, with nearly 400 passengers on board, has been passed, disabled, in the Atlantic. She is expected to reach the Irish coast at the end of the week.

Lord Coleridge made a strong protest in the Queen's Bench on Tuesday against the practice of appealing "every little paltry case" to the House of Lords. He described this as the great curse of the new system.

The steamer Abergeldie, of 1878 tons, Captain Murray, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on Tuesday with a total of 612 emigrants.

Mr. Spencer Charrington presided on Tuesday, at the Crystal Palace, over the seventy-ninth anniversary dinner given in connection with the Licensed Victuallers' School, when subscriptions were announced to the amount of £6009.

In unveiling, last Tuesday, a bronze statue of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, by Mr. Bruce Joy, erected in Barrow, Lord Spencer paid a high tribute to the memory of the lamented statesman.

Hobart Pasha, who was removed from the British Navy List on continuing in the Turkish service on the outbreak of hostilities with Russia in 1877, has been reinstated in the Retired List, with the rank of Vice-Admiral.

The anniversary festival of the Waunstead Orphan Asylum was held at the asylum on the 25th ult. Lord Brooke presiding. The children afforded an interesting display of their acquirements, and at the luncheon which followed contributions to the amount of £1218 were announced.

Henley Regatta has taken place this week; too late, however, for any of the results to be given in the present issue. There were twenty contests on Thursday, the first day. The racing began with the first heat of the Grand Challenge Cup for eight oars.

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DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

We were soon in the quiet garden in the neighbourhood of the schoolhouse.

THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &c.

The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—*Keats' Endymion.*

CHAPTER I.

A PROLOGUE, AND THE FIRST SCENE.

In a large wooden building not far from the seashore, a building attached as school-house to "Munster's Boarding Academy for Young Gentlemen," I, Hugh Trelawney, then scarcely ten years old, was moping alone. I had only arrived two days before from London, where I had parted from my father, a travelling lecturer in the cause of what was then known as the New Moral World. My mother had long been dead, and I had led a somewhat neglected life, sometimes accompanying my father on his wanderings, more often being left to the care, or carelessness, of strangers. At last I had been sent to Southampton to complete a very perfunctory education.

It was afternoon, and a half-holiday; my new schoolfellows were playing close by. For myself, I was too used to loneliness to be very miserable. I merely felt an outcast for the time being, and took no interest whatever in my new associations.

As I sat thus, I must have fallen into a brown study, from which a slight sound startled me.

Looking up, I met the flash of two dark eyes which were intently regarding me.

"Are you the new boy?" said a clear voice.

I nodded, and stared at my interrogator, a girl of about my own age, whose black eyebrows were knitted in a way very curious in so young a child as she seemed.

Her arms and neck were bare, and she was fondling a kitten, whose bright eyes and lissome movements seemed to have something in common with her own beauty. I noticed, too, that she wore earrings, and that they were very bright and glistening.

"What is your name?" she continued, in the same clear questioning tone, altogether with the manner of a superior who was not to be trifled with.

"Hugh."

"Hugh what?"

"Hugh Trelawney."

I felt somewhat overawed by the tone of the little lady, who, to my boyish eyes, seemed much more my senior than she was in reality.

She continued to regard me with the same keen scrutiny, and then said, looking at my attire,

"Who is dead?"

I still wore black for my mother, and, with a somewhat faltering voice, I told her so.

She did not seem surprised, and expressed no sympathy; but, walking to the school-room window, looked out, saying,

"Why don't you go out and play with the other boys?"

"I don't care about play. I am tired."

"Tired with what?" she questioned, quickly.

I made no reply, for I was not prepared for the question. I had meant to imply that I was low-spirited and dull, but had not cared to confess so much in so many words.

She understood me, however, and, although she seemed indifferent to my condition, troubled me with no more questions.

Glad to direct her attention from myself, for her bright eyes troubled me and made me feel ashamed, I stooped down and stroked the kitten, which she had placed upon the floor. Even as I did so, I could feel her eyes still fixed upon me; but when I looked up again with an annoyed expression, she turned her eyes away, and laughed.

This emboldened me, and I began to question in my turn.

"Are you the schoolmaster's daughter?"

At this she laughed the more—so brightly and pleasantly, with such a good-humoured sympathy with my blunder, that my first impression of her began to improve, and I saw that, besides being a rather imperious, she was a very pretty, young lady.

"Why do you laugh?" I remarked.

"At you," she replied; "because you take me for Mr. Munster's child. I am a stranger here, like yourself. My people live far away in South America, and are very rich. My mother is dead, and I don't remember her. My father has sent me here to be taught; but I shall soon go back to him. Have you a father?" she added, quickly.

I nodded.

"Is he kind to you, and was it he that sent you to school?" she asked.

But without waiting for my reply to her questions, she continued, "My father cried when I left him, though he is a great man, and when he gave me these earrings, he told me my mother had worn them before me, and he kissed them. We live far away from here, in a brighter place. Don't you hate England?"

This was rather a startling query, but being in a state of mind bordering on disgust for life in general, I readily assented. Her eyes gleamed.

"It is a dreary place," she cried: "dull and miserable, and it rains nearly every day. But it is different where I come from. It is always bright there, and there are flowers everywhere, and the trees are full of fruit; and there are bright insects, and beautiful snakes without stings, that can be taught to twine round your neck, and feed out of your hand."

As she spoke thus, indeed, it seemed that I was transported to the land of which she spoke: her eyes were so sparkling, her face so bright and sunny, her form so foreign in its slender

beauty,—and her earrings glistened, and her beautiful ivory teeth gleamed,—and I saw her walking in that land, a wonder among all wonders there, with fruits and flowers over her head, and brilliant insects floating round her, and luminous snakes gleaming harmless in her path, and dusky slaves waiting upon her and doing her courtesies. For it must be borne in mind that I had been a studious boy, fond of reading wild books of travel and adventure, and of picturing in my mind the wonders of foreign lands. Much that I had fancied of dwellers in distant regions was realised in the face I now beheld for the first time.

At what age is a beautiful human creature—and more particularly one belonging to the gentler sex—insensible to admiration? I am certain that my new friend perceived mine, and that it did not displease her. It was, at any rate, genuine homage, quietly expressed, almost against my will, in the pleased yet timid glances of my eyes.

When she next spoke, her clear impetuous tone was greatly changed and softened, and a kinder light dwelt on her face.

"If you will come with me," she said, "I will show you the place. There is not much to see but the garden, and that I like well enough. Will you come?"

I rose awkwardly, as if at a word of command; and, taking my cap from the peg where it hung, swung it in my hand as I followed her to the door.

Ashamed, yet pleased, to be chaperoned by a girl, I wondered what my schoolfellows would think of it.

Close to the school-room was the playground, or rather the capacious piece of lawn, dignified by that name.

My schoolfellows were playing cricket thereon. They paid no attention to me as I passed, but looked at my companion with a curious and not too friendly expression. She, for her part, passed along imperiously, without deigning to cast a single look in their direction; and I noticed that her look had changed again, and that her dark brows were knitted with the former unpleasant expression. She said nothing, however, for some minutes.

Our first visit was to the top of a high knoll behind the house, whence we could see the surrounding country, and, some miles to the southward, the distant sea, with a white frost of billows on the edge of liver-coloured sands.

It was a quiet, sunless day; but far away there were gleams of watery light on the white sails of ships passing by under full canvas.

The girl looked seaward at the passing sails with much the same peculiar expression she had worn on our first encounter.

How could I fathom her thoughts? I guessed she was thinking of her home, but I was wrong.

"Are you clever?" she asked, suddenly.

This was a question which I, as a modest boy, felt totally unprepared to answer. I looked at the ground, peeped at her, and laughed. Her expression did not change.

"I mean, do you know much," she continued, in explanation. "Have you learnt much before?"

I explained to her, as well as possible, that my acquirements were very slender indeed, and merely consisted of the stray crumbs of knowledge which I had been enabled to pick up at day schools in the various towns where my father had resided during my childhood. In point of fact, I was a thoroughly uncultivated little boy, and had never been crammed with the solid pabulum so much in vogue at our public schools. I could read and write, of course, and knew arithmetic as far as the rule of three, and had got through the first four declensions in the Latin grammar; but all was a chaos, and I had no accomplishments.

I did not explain all this to my interrogator; for I was too proud.

"If you are not clever, and know so little," observed the girl, thoughtfully, "take care of the other boys. Why don't you make friends with them? Why do you like to sit alone, and be sullen? If there were girls here, I should make friends, I know. But boys are different; they have cruel ways, and they hate each other."

All this was said in a tone rather of reflection than of conversation; and she still kept her eyes on the distant ships, as if from some secret source far away the current of her thoughts was flowing.

"The boys hate me," she pursued, "because they think me proud. I am not proud, but I am quicker and cleverer than they are, and I come from a better place. I beat them in the class and at all things, except figures; and I have helped the biggest of them sometimes, when they were too stupid to understand."

All this was a revelation to me. Until that moment I had never supposed that my companion's place was among the common scholars. During my first two days in school she had been absent—a circumstance which she soon explained to me without any questioning.

"I have been away on a visit, and only returned this morning. I do not come to school every day, because I have headaches, and my father will only have me learn when I please. Now let us go down and look at the garden. There are fruit-bushes there, and some of the fruit is ripe."

Still respectful and submissive, I followed, and we were soon wandering side by side in the quiet garden in the neighbourhood of the school-house. Ever and anon, as we walked, I heard the shouts and cries of my playmates; but they were wafted to me as from some forsaken life.

A spell had been passed upon me, and I was in a dream. As I write, the dream surrounds me still. Years ebb backward, clouds part, the old horizons come nearer and nearer, and I am again wandering in the quiet shade of trees with the shining young face at my side. I can no longer recall looks and words. All becomes a tremor. I see the one face only, but the voice becomes inarticulate.

What I remember last is a sudden sound dissolving a spell. A bell rung loudly from the house, and my companion uttered an exclamation—

"That is the bell for tea," she exclaimed. "You had better go."

And she ran before me up the path. She was nearly out of sight among the garden bushes when, urged by curiosity, I took courage, and called after her.

"What is your name?" I cried.

She nodded back with a smile.

"Madeline," she replied. "Madeline Graham." With that she was gone. For a moment, I stood bewildered, and then, with quite a new light in my eyes, I made the best of my way into the house, and joined the boys at the tea-table.

Although Mrs. Munster presided at the board, my new friend did not appear, and as I munched my bread-and-butter, I thought of her face with a kind of dreamy pleasure, delicious to recall even now.

CHAPTER II.

NEMESIS INTERVENES.

In my hasty sketch of school, I have made little or no mention of the schoolmaster and his wife. Indeed, so far as my present retrospection is concerned, they are nonentities; and they form part of my story only in so much as they affected my relations with the leading actress in the life drama to which these chapters are the prelude.

Munster was a feeble-looking but talented little man, with a very high forehead, which he was constantly mopping with cold water, to subdue inordinate headaches; and Mrs. Munster was a kind creature, with an enormous respect for her lord, and quite a motherly interest in us boys, she having no children of her own.

The manner of these good people was kind towards all; but their treatment of Madeline Graham was blended with a sense of restraint almost bordering on fear. It was obvious that they had been instructed to treat her with more than ordinary solicitude, and it was equally obvious that they were liberally paid for so doing.

When she broke from all restraint, as was the case occasionally, their concern for her personal welfare was not unmingled with a fear lest open rupture might rob them of the instalments derived from their wealthiest pupil. Madeline, on her side, was perfectly conscious of this; but, in justice it must be said, that she seldom took undue advantage of her position.

The more I saw of Madeline Graham, the more I observed her manners and general bearing, the more the thought of her possessed me, and blended with my quietest dreams.

After that first interview, she held somewhat aloof for many days, but her eyes were constantly watching me in school and at meals, though without any approach to further familiarity. She seemed desirous of keeping me at a distance, for reasons which I could not possibly penetrate.

Gradually, however, we came together again.

Madeline had not exaggerated when she boasted of excelling the other scholars in brightness and intelligence. Her memory was extraordinary, and tasks which taxed all the energies of boyhood were easily mastered by her quick and restless brain.

She was taught with the rest of us in the open school, and was generally at the head of her class.

It so happened that I myself, although in many things dull and indifferent, was also gifted with a memory of uncommon tenacity. In all tasks which demanded the exercise of this function I took a foremost place. Madeline was my most formidable rival, and we began, quietly at first, but afterwards with energy, to fight for the mastery.

The competition, instead of severing, brought us closer to each other.

Madeline respected the spirit which sometimes subdued her, and I, for my part, loved her the better for the humanizing touches of passion which my victory frequently awakened.

We had been friends six months, the quiet round of school life had become familiar and pleasant to me, when, one day,

at breakfast, I noticed that Munster wore a very troubled expression, as he broke open the largest of a number of letters lying before him. The envelope was of peculiar yellow paper, and the post-mark looked foreign.

Madeline, who sat close by, turned white and eager, and her great eyes fixed themselves on the strange missive.

Within the letter to Munster, was a smaller one, which he handed to Madeline silently.

With impetuous eagerness, she opened and read it. It was very short. As she glanced over it, her bosom rose and fell, her eyes brightened and filled with tears.

To hide her trouble, she rose and left the room.

Meanwhile, Munster evinced similar surprise and consternation. He bit his lips as he read his letter, and passed his hand nervously through his hair. Then, with a significant look, he passed the letter to his wife, who, reading it, in her turn became similarly troubled.

As he passed the letter to her, something dropped rustling to the floor, and Munster, looking rather red, stooped and picked it up. It was a curiously printed paper, and looked like the note of some foreign bank.

Breakfast was finished—school began—but Madeline did not appear. Munster still looked fidgety and annoyed.

As for myself, I was torn by sensations to which my little heart had been hitherto a stranger. I felt on the brink of a precipice, down which all that I held dear was disappearing. I could not eat, I could not say my tasks, I could not think. What was going to happen? I asked myself wildly again and again.

At two o'clock, when we were summoned to dinner, no sight of Madeline. But by this time some hint of the truth was forcing itself upon me.

A whisper had passed round the school—"Madeline Graham is going away!"

Going away? Whither? To that far-distant, that mysterious land whence she had come, and whither I might never follow her? Going away for ever! Passing westward, and taking with her all that made my young life beautiful and happy. Could this be?

I shall never forget the agony of that day. I have had blows since, but none harder. I have felt desolation since, but none deeper.

After school, I hung round the house, haunted every spot where she might be expected to appear. I yearned to hear the truth from her own lips. I paced to and fro like a criminal awaiting his sentence. I could not bear the sight of the other boys, but kept to the secret places, moody and distracted.

Quite late in the evening, I wandered into the garden—a favourite resort of ours. The sun had sunk, but his slowly fading light was still tinting the quiet place, and the shadows of trees and bushes were still distinct upon the ground.

I had not been here long when I heard the foot I knew, and, turning, I beheld my little friend hastening towards me.

She was pale, but otherwise composed, and said at once, "Have you heard that I am going away?"

I stammered something, I know not what; it must have been inaudible. I had a sharp, choking sensation, and drooped my looks from hers.

"I have just got a letter from my father. I am to go back home immediately. See!"

So saying, she placed in my hand the small inclosure which she had received from Munster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed:

"You may read it."

I did read it, in one quick, painful glance. I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:—

"My own darling little Madeline,

"You will hear from the good people with whom you are living that a great change has taken place, and that you must come home at once. Wish a kind good-bye to all your friends in England; perhaps you may never see them again. Come without delay to your loving father,

"RODERICK GRAHAM."

Prepared as I had been for the blow, it did not fall so heavily as it might have done. I struggled with my feelings, and choked down a violent tendency to cry.

She perceived my consternation, and was herself moved. But there was a quick, strange light in her eyes, as if she were contemplating something far away.

"I have prayed many a night that my father would send for me," she said, thoughtfully; "and now he has done so, I scarcely feel glad. I am afraid there is something wrong at home. Shall you be sorry, Hugh, when I go?"

At this open question I broke down utterly, and burst into a violent sob.

She put her hands in mine, and looked earnestly into my face.

"I thought you would be sorry. None of them will miss me so much as you. We have been great friends; I never thought I could be such friends with a boy. I shall tell my father of you, and he will like you, too. Will you kiss me, Hugh, and say good-bye?"

I could not answer for tears; but I put my arms round her neck, and I did kiss her—a pure, true, loving boy's kiss, worth a million of the kisses men buy or steal in the broad world.

My tears moistened her cheek as I did so, but she did not cry herself.

She was altogether calm and superior, bowing down to my boyhood, compassionating and cherishing me; but in all possibility sharing little of my intense personal passion. She was nearer womanhood than I to manhood (girls always are more mature than boys); and she took my worship in gentle state. A queen, kissed by a loyal subject, could not offer her cheek more royally than little Madeline offered her cheek to me.

Yet her manner was full of strong affection, too. She would miss me, I felt sure.

In the midst of my agony, I found words to inquire how soon our dreaded parting was to take place. What was my astonishment to hear that she was going to leave Munster's at once.

"There is a ship to sail in two days, and I must go away to Liverpool to-morrow, early in the morning. My poor father! There is something very wrong indeed, and it will be many a week before we meet, though the ship should sail ever so fast."

As I write, recollection darkens, the sun sinks behind the little garden; the little shape fades away, and it is dark night. I seem to remember no more.

But what is this that gleams up before me?

It is the faint grey light of dawn. I have been in a very disturbed sleep, and am awakened by a harsh sound in the distance. It is the sound of carriage-wheels.

I start up; it is daylight.

I hear a hum of voices in the house below. Without awakening any of my companions in the room, I creep to the window, and look out.

How chilly looks the cold damp world outside! How pitiless and cold lie the dews on the leaves all around! I shiver, and my heart aches.

A travelling-carriage stands at the door, and a sleepy-eyed coachman yawns on the box.

Flash! yonder from the house-porch comes Mrs. Munster, and by her side the little figure that I love.

The proud spirit is broken this morning, and the little eyes look soft and wet. Madeline clings to her protectress, and nods adieu to the servants, who flock around to bid her farewell.

She does not look this way. Does she think at all of the poor friendless boy whose heart she has filled with her beauty, and whose eyes are watching her so wildly from the curtained bed-room window up above?

The coachman cracks his whip, the horses break into a trot, the little one leans out, and waves her handkerchief until the carriage rounds the corner, and is hid from view.

Madeline! Little Madeline!

I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me in a moment.

To what new trouble is this that I am about to waken, now that the one star of my life's dawn has faded away?

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES.

Miss H. A. Seymour's Exhibition of Pastels, now on view at 102, New Bond-street, is especially interesting as raising the question whether this method is applicable to landscape and other scenery. It cannot be denied that the results obtained by Miss Seymour are in many cases highly satisfactory, especially in seizing transient aspects of nature, such as clouds upon mountains, and sunlight on the sea. The objections hitherto raised against pastels—which were not altogether removed by Mr. Whistler's brilliant achievements—were chiefly based upon the perishable nature of such works; but Miss Seymour is confident that by the system she adopts (and is ready to explain to those interested) a perfectly permanent picture may be obtained without any detriment to the delicacy of the original impressions. On this point we do not feel competent to express an opinion, and should be glad to learn the experience of other artists; for it is scarcely likely that Miss Seymour will be long in sole and undisputed possession of a field which she has been amongst the earliest to cultivate. The results of her labours, in any case, are as interesting as they are varied, and will well repay a visit. They embrace sketches made in various parts of Switzerland and Italy—generally so familiar that the visitor can at once apply the test of his own recollection as to their truthfulness. Whilst they fall short of the brilliant dexterity which characterised the late Elijah Walton's works, it is only right to add that Miss H. A. Seymour gives proof of a sensitive eye and a ready hand.

It has been the fortune, good or bad, of General Gordon to have left behind on canvas no contemporary record of his many deeds of daring. Mr. Stanley Berkley's picture of the General and the slave-dealers of Darfour is no exception to this remark. The picture is avowedly made up from Gordon's own account of the exploit, supplemented by the artist's knowledge of African life and habits acquired in Upper Egypt. In the picture now on view at Mr. Arthur Lucas' (32, New Bond-street), General Gordon is represented as riding alone into the encampment of Zebehr, the great slave-owner, in September, 1877. His sudden appearance in "his golden dress" on a white horse, and armed only with a riding-whip, seems to have dumbfounded the whole body of chiefs, who, with 3000 men in revolt, were plotting to restore the slave-trade which Gordon had wellnigh broken up. Mr. Berkley has chosen the critical moment when Gordon dashes into the little village of Dara. He is reining up his white charger; and his eyes are flashing as he sees around him the slave-dealers, the dervishes, and the mail-clad Bazingirs, all fanatical and desperate men, who were smarting under a sense of loss and defeat. The grouping of the figures is effective, and General Gordon's figure is full of fire and eagerness; but it is necessary to apply to such a work the well-worn remark (with a difference), that if the painter had allowed himself more time the general result would have been more satisfactory. There are signs of haste, both in composition and in execution; and although these may in some measure disappear in engraving, they somewhat mar the general effect of a picture which is otherwise skilful and interesting.

M. Rajon has brought together a very considerable collection of the works he has produced since his arrival in this country some fifteen years ago. They comprise, in addition to the numerous etchings by which he is best known, numerous crayon drawings and portraits in black and red chalk, a few water colours, and about half a dozen oil paintings. Although some of these latter, and especially the full-length oil picture of "My Printer" (78), show very considerable power, it is rather as the reproducer and interpreter of the works of others than as an original artist that M. Rajon will be known. His etchings after Gainsborough, Reynolds, G. F. Watts, F. Holl, and other English artists show no less aptitude than his rendering of the works of foreigners like Watteau, Bonnat, Gérôme, and Meissonier. It is, however, one peculiarity of M. Rajon's talent that, in following such masters as Franz Hals, Velasquez, Melzer, Rubens, and even Watteau, he is apparently as happy as when dealing with more modern artists. For original work, the portrait of "Señor Sarraute" (33), in black chalk, and "Bébé Caroze" (39), in red, are among the most successful; whilst the head of Mr. J. M. N. Whistler is the least so, failing, as it seems to us, to catch even a glimpse of the artist underlying the dandy.

At Messrs. Hogarth's Gallery (96, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square) there is now on view a very interesting collection of water-colour drawings by J. M. W. Turner. Although only forty in number, they practically cover the best part of the painter's life, commencing with some almost boyish works, passing through the period when the influence and mannerism of Girtou was still strong upon him, and at length reaching that magnificent climax when light and colour seemed no longer to have mysteries for him. The history of Turner's genius, from its first dawn until it had reached its zenith, could not be better displayed; nor is it possible to imagine anything in art which better interprets nature than some of these delightful works. Amongst the earlier works "Peterborough Cathedral" (20), engraved as long ago as 1796, shows strongly the attractions which architectural form had even then for his mind; and this is perhaps even more strongly marked in the next but less ambitious work, "Bridge and Bridge House" (22)—an almost unknown work, but worthy of the most careful study; whilst in the view of "Aldborough, Suffolk" (35), a work engraved but never published, we find that marvellous analysis of light which Turner first learnt from Claude, and subsequently carried to even a higher pitch than his master. "Eton from the Slough Road" (26), although well known by the engraving, can only be fully appreciated when seen in its original state; and "Sunset from the Shore" (33), "Sunset" (37), and, above all, "The Silent Pool" (40), reveal that power of imagination combined with a subtle technique which none of Turner's successors have been able to approach.

NEW BOOKS.

The latest contribution to the literature of Arctic exploration is *The Rescue of Greeley*, by Commander W. S. Schley, U.S.N., and Professor J. R. Soley, U.S.N. (Sampson Low). Important events follow each other so rapidly in these days that people are in danger of forgetting all facts that are a twelvemonth old. The wellnigh unexampled sufferings of Greeley and his companions made, however, an impression too strong to be thus readily obliterated; and now we have the whole sad story clearly and concisely told by the commander of the Relief Expedition of 1884 and by Professor Soley. Nothing could have been more hopeful and promising than the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, under Greeley in 1881; and the twenty-five brave men who formed that band of explorers reached their destination in safety, lived for two years cut off from the world, achieving what they had gone to do, and would in all likelihood have been brought back to the United States in sound health in 1883, had it not been for a series of the most disastrous accidents to the relief expedition under Garlington, and to what appears like mismanagement of the grossest kind. About this little is said; but there is one statement given sufficiently significant. Of 50,000 rations sent to Littleton Island, where Greeley looked for supplies on his return journey, only about 1000 were left in that vicinity, the remainder being returned to the United States or sunk with Garlington's vessel, the Proteus. It should be added that this was not one of the blunders that wrecked the expedition, for Greeley was never able to reach the island. He seems to have foreseen on starting everything that ought to be done to secure a safe return; he could not foresee the blunders and incapacity that led to the death of eighteen brave comrades and to the frightful sufferings of the seven that were ultimately saved, or rather of the six, for one man died not long after the rescue. It came only just in time, for the sufferers had reached the last stage of starvation. There was much blameworthy in connection with the Rescue Expedition of 1883, which, strange to say, was commanded by a young officer of cavalry. That of 1884 seems to have been managed with consummate skill, and especial praise is due to the secretary of the Navy, who put his heart as well as his head into the work. "The Rescue of Greeley" is not a volume that calls for criticism, but it has a claim on all readers interested in Arctic research. The narrative is of absorbing interest, and the maps that illustrate the text will be found invaluable.

Every copious writer is tempted to give significance to ephemeral sketches by binding them together in a volume. Mr. William Black has exhibited this fatherly care for some literary bantlings in a new book called *The Wise Women of Inverness, a Tale; and other Miscellanies* (Macmillan and Co.). It is beautifully printed, easily read, and worth reading in an idle hour, the most curious portion being some attempts of the writer in verse. These rhymes are reprinted chiefly from a novel, and were admirable in their place; apart from that connection it is, perhaps, unfair to judge of them. Some of the songs have a familiar ring to readers acquainted with the art of Scottish versifiers, but the manipulation is skilful, and occasionally there is that freshness of flavour which is the charm of rhymes like these. In illustration of Mr. Black's craft, take these lines, appropriately called "A Flower Auction":—

Who will buy pansies?
There are her eyes,
Dew-soft and tender,
Love in them lies.

Who will buy lilies?
There are her cheeks,
And there the shy blushing
That Maidenhood bespeaks.

Who will buy roses?
There are her lips,
And there is the nectar
That Cupidon sips.

Meenie, Love Meenie,
What must one pay?
Good stranger, the market's
Not open to-day!

The decay of interest in phrenology has been accompanied by an increased attention to the broader precepts of physiology, and Dr. Francis Warner's *Physical Expression* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1885) is probably the latest treatise on this science. In reviewing the past history of the subject, Dr. Warner might have recollected that it was the enthusiastic phrenologist, George Combe, who described a man's walk as "the natural language of the faculties," and saw in the way in which a man carried his body a good deal of the ballast with which his mind was weighted. Dr. Warner, however, recognises that permanent impressionability (or retentiveness) may be expressed by a reflex action; not necessarily a process of evolution, but giving a tendency to resist change. Physiologists, like Sir Charles Bell, Henry Siddon, and Professor Bain, have already shown the relations existing between the nerve centres and the muscles, by which feelings are made apparent to the outside world; and Dr. Warner sets himself to analyse the different physiological meanings to be deduced from the action of various parts of the body. The most interesting chapter to our mind, not excepting that on art criticism, is that devoted to a study of the hand; a member into which the ancients in their sculpture contrived to throw an amount of expression which our modern artists, sculptors, and painters, with rare exception, seem alike incapable and careless of conveying. There was a tradition extant in Zurich within the present writer's recollection that Lavater first recognised his power of divining character whilst making the Sunday collections in the church of which he was one of the consistorial body. As junior Deacon, the lot often fell to him to go round with the collecting bag, and he maintained that in nearly every case he could sketch the outlines of the almsgivers' character, by the shape and movements of their hands. There is no doubt much to be taught in this science to art students; but so long as they neglect the fountain head of all true art, the Greek statues, it is expecting too much to look for other than conventional hands and tapering fingers. In dealing with the expression of the human face, Dr. Warner insists very naturally upon the necessity of balancing different modes of expression, without which all attempt to render emotion runs the risk of becoming only caricature. It is, however, strange that he should make no reference to the very remarkable experiments on muscular expression made by Duchenne, of Boulogne, to whose elaborate investigations the artistic no less than the scientific world owes a debt of gratitude, whilst M. Duval's text-book on artistic anatomy does not even obtain a place in his bibliography.

It was no easy task to follow Mr. Wallace either in his travels in Malay Archipelago, or in his vivid descriptions of the beauties of those islands; but Mr. H. O. Forbes, in his *Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago* (London: Sampson Low and Marston, 1885) has acquitted himself in a way which almost places the two works on a level of interest. It is not only the botanist and the naturalist who will find congenial topics in the records of Mr. Forbes' five years' wanderings among the Spice Islands and in their neighbourhood; but the ethnologist and student of man in his earlier development will learn much from his account of the manners of the Lampongers of Sumatra, and the natives of Timor-Laut, of the island of Buru and of the kingdom of Bibicu—places of which the names even are probably unknown to most readers. They nevertheless play a not unimportant part both in Dutch and Malay commerce, and

would seem, from Mr. Forbes' accounts, to be the rendezvous of all that is most gorgeous, if not most beautiful, in flower and bird life. His first stopping-place was the Cocos-Keeling Islands, a coral reef visited by Darwin in 1836, and annexed by mistake to the English Crown in 1878, the naval officer in command having confused them with other Cocos islands in the Indian Ocean. On his return to Java, Mr. Forbes passed some time in the very interior of that island, in the province of Bantam, and subsequently made trips to various places of the seaboard, facing difficulties of which he makes light, and dangers to which he barely alludes, but he is plaintively eloquent in denouncing the *Mydans maliceps*, a slow prowler, which in its most inoffensive frame of mind hedges its crepuscular walk with a scent scarcely bearable at the distance of a mile. In Sumatra, which he next visited, these dangers are much increased by the nature of the wild beasts which find in that country a refuge; and, as may be supposed, the tribes living surrounded by wild rhinoceroses and man-eating tigers present habits very different to those whose companions are birds of paradise and humming-birds. It was whilst in Sumatra that Mr. Forbes became acquainted with many of the inhabitants of the Lampongers, who mark their separation from their neighbours by a complete difference of language and habit of life. Their most peculiar institution is the Balai—a sort of townhall, to be found in every village, and the common property of every man, woman, and child of the village. Its doors are always open, all business is transacted under its roof, and apparently any villager can, when so minded, use it as his sleeping quarters, whilst in it every ceremony connected with their life is enacted. One of Mr. Forbes' most interesting excursions was to the summit of the Dembo, a volcano of vast extent, about 9700 ft. above the sea level. Although he makes light of the ascent, it is not difficult to see that the obstacles in his way were neither few nor slight, but with that modesty and good taste which characterise every page of this volume, Mr. Forbes speaks only of the ever changing beauties of the scene as he rises higher and higher, until at length he reaches the crater, filled with a burning lake, half a mile broad, the whole surface of which is upheaved, swallowed up, and vomited forth again once every twenty minutes throughout the day. In the Moluccas, the naturalist was able to appreciate the care bestowed by the Dutch upon their valuable possessions, the Spice Islands; and his voluntary exile of some weeks in the almost unknown Timor-Laut is not the least interesting episode of his adventurous life. Altogether, the "Naturalist's Wanderings" form as entertaining a volume as we have met with for many a day, and we cordially commend it to those who may at times be tempted to doubt that travels and discoveries can no longer be written and described with the freshness of former days.

The life of Francis Bacon will always prove a fruitful source of controversy. Was Bacon, as Pope declared, the "meanest of mankind," and was he also the "wisest"? The latest contribution to the study of this question, *Francis Bacon: An Account of His Life and Works*, by Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. (Macmillan), is written, it is scarcely needful to say, with adequate knowledge, and also with impartiality. The author says, truly enough, that a nature so many-sided cannot be fully explained by any single analysis; and his aim has been "to set forth in a continuous story such extracts from Bacon's letters, speeches, and occasional works, as might enable this much-accused and more-defended man to tell his own story in his own way." At the same time, Dr. Abbott takes his own view, and a strong view it is, of Bacon's conduct. Perhaps some clue to that conduct is to be found in the philosopher's belief that the pleasures of intellect are greater than the pleasures of the affections. He was a man endowed with the most ardent love of knowledge; but he had no warmth of heart, no power of self-abnegation, none of that uncalculating love which is the true bond of friendship. He was not conscious of the failings that led him to act so cruelly towards Essex, so obsequiously to Buckingham, so ignobly in accepting bribes, but, to quote Dr. Abbott's words, was "thoroughly persuaded of his own general rectitude, and even in his deepest disgrace and dejection still retained his self-esteem." Bacon's life is so associated with the history of his age that we cannot properly view the one apart from the other, and it is but just to remember that some of his faults were due as much to the age as to the man. From the standing-point of literature, he has claims which are unaffected by time. For richness and conciseness, for dignity, variety, and perspicacity, his style can be scarcely praised too highly; and perhaps, as Dr. Abbott observes, "he gained the palm of style the more easily because he was indifferent to it, and hardly conscious of his claim to it." The volume is divided into two parts: in the first the author relates the facts of Bacon's life; in the second he describes his writings, and explains his position as a philosopher and a man of letters. The book is one likely to interest every student of our literature or history.

The experience of a lifetime appears to be contained in a little volume called *Birds I have Kept in Years gone by*, by W. T. Greene, M.A., M.D., F.Z.S. (Upcott Gill). Dr. Greene, who has published a rather large work about parrots in captivity, has lived among bird-cages from boyhood, and tried a variety of experiments, some of which he does not advise his readers to repeat. Once he kept a cuckoo, and a great anxiety it was, so that when it died suddenly, after a surfeit of caterpillars, no sorrow was felt for the loss. Reckless of trouble, too, must the bird-fancier be who ventures to keep a prairie-owl; and the cruel habit of keeping a skylark in captivity deserves to be strongly denounced. No doubt, if well cared for, the caged lark will live for years; but what a privation must it be to a bird accustomed to sing while it rises "higher still and higher" to be confined within the narrow space of a cage! "Unless the bird is exceedingly tame," says the writer, "the top of the cage should have a piece of calico or baize stretched tightly an inch below it, so that the lark in rising may not hurt its head"—advice sufficiently suggestive of the cruelty of imprisoning such a bird at all. Dr. Greene observes, by-the-way, that, though parrots are not great drinkers, it is a fatal blunder to keep them without water. "The notion," he writes, "has taken a firm hold on the public mind that parrots require nothing to drink; so firm, indeed, that the authorities of the London Zoological Gardens deprive many of the parrots under their care of water, and maintain that this is the proper course to adopt towards them; in reply to which I would merely request the visitor at the 'Zoo' to look at the labels on the cages in the parrot-house, and, if I am not very grievously mistaken, I think he will find the greater part of them to be of ominously recent date."

The reader who likes to travel in semi-barbarous regions while seated cosily in his armchair, will encounter many amusing adventures and delightful discomforts if he turns to a book, just published in two volumes, descriptive of life in Lapland. It is entitled *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis: In the Land of the Lapps and Kvens*, by Sophus Tromholt, edited by Carl Siewers (Sampson Low). The work combines the entertainment we look for—too often vainly—in a novel, and the instruction to be gained from a history. Mr. Tromholt, a native of Schleswig, has lived the greater part of his life in Norway; and his narrative, which was originally written in

Norwegian, has been intrusted to Mr. Siewers for translation into English. The author lived for a year in the most desolate region of Lapland for the purpose of making observations on the Aurora Borealis. An elaborate and exhaustive chapter is devoted to the subject, which we must pass over with a single remark. He observes that this magnificent phenomenon, the enchanting beauty of which cannot be expressed in words, is still one of the mysteries which science is impotent to explain. "We stand gazing at that great problem which Nature writes in flaming cypher on the dark winter sky; there we stand, lost in wonder, obliged to confess that we really know nothing." Mr. Tromholt's scientific observations are worthy of careful study, but from a book so rich in attractive matter it will be better perhaps, in this brief notice, to summarise a few of the author's remarks about the country and the people. The Norwegian Lapps form three groups, the mountain Lapps, a nomadic people, whose wealth consists in reindeer; the settled Lapps, living on the seashore; and the river Lapps, who have fixed dwellings, but also keep reindeer. The mountain Lapps, "the backbone of the race," live in tents winter and summer, and subsist entirely on the reindeer. "Their skins make his clothes, their flesh and milk constitute his food and drink, and from them he obtains all his other little requisites of existence." But though the Lapp owes everything to the reindeer, he never shows it the least kindness. An ordinary family consumes forty full-grown deer a year, and there are wealthy Lapps who possess from 1000 to 2000. The richest of them all had at one time 8000 animals. The total number of reindeer in Norway at present is estimated at 100,000, and the total number in the whole of Lapland at about 400,000. Driving the reindeer is exciting work, the driver being often thrown out of his pulk on the snow by the wild gambols of the half-tamed animals. At their fastest rate the reindeer can run on level ground ten miles in twenty minutes, but down hill we are told the fastest train would be left behind. "It is the finest mode of locomotion I know of," exclaims the traveller, and so it may be when the snow is firm and the air clear; but he admits that in a thaw the misery of travelling is extreme, and in the depth of winter it is not without danger. It is possible to be lost in the snow and buried in it, but the Lapp's instinct resembles that of the Indian in a trackless forest. He can find his way on a mountain stripped of every tree and shrub, and when there is no road or even path he will scoop the snow away with his feet, discover a stone or tree stump that he has seen before, and so know the direction to take. The Lapp is not attractive in appearance, and, as he never washes, at any rate in winter, he is not a pleasant companion; but he is good-natured and kindly, and his chief fault seems to be a liking for strong drink. The sale of spirits is prohibited, but he drinks naphtha, which is sold in small bottles as a medicine. Strange to say, all the cooking in a household is done by the men, while the women make the clothes of the family. Babies have no clothes, but are fixed in a sort of wooden trough covered with leather, called a komse, a convenient arrangement for mothers, who can stick the komse on end in the snow when calling on their friends. When a child is born it is given a reindeer, and another on getting its first tooth, and the offspring of these animals bring it a goodly portion on coming of age. If space would allow, we should like to follow Mr. Tromholt in his vivid account of the manners and customs of this strange people, who have no dances or games, and who cannot even be buried like other folk, but must wait until the clergyman is at liberty. Our space, however, is exhausted; but we must not close these attractive volumes without calling attention to a remarkable chapter called "The Reign of Terror in Lapland." A wilder outbreak of religious frenzy combined with diabolical cruelty it would be difficult to find in the annals of fanaticism. It should be added that Mr. Tromholt's pleasantly written book has the additional attraction of a map and of 150 illustrations.

Among cheap editions of standard writers, and editions that are not only cheap, but good, Messrs. Cassell's "Red Library" deserves honourable mention. The first volume of the series published is *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Charles Dickens; and a book so popular in a form so pleasant is likely to have an extensive sale. The larger the better, for Dickens is a thoroughly wholesome writer, as well as a great novelist whose genius as a humourist is unrivalled.

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT.

The beautiful effect of the shadows of foliage on the green-sward is felt more touchingly when the heart is in a soft and tender mood. Such may be the sentiment even of a man of middle age, who sits beneath the tree with his little child upon his knee, and talks to her of the growth of a flower; while two other children, basking in the full sunlight, rest from their play on the grass a few yards distant. This is a soothing and happy moment, bringing unconscious relief from worldly anxieties and past disappointments in life, with renewed hope and faith in the future, and with gratitude for present good. Life, indeed, from a thoughtful man's point of view, has other and darker shadows of moral experience, which may fall across the mind even in this quiet place and innocent company.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

But again, the same poet tells us, he looks on the living things around him, not only the children, the lambs, the kitten, the birds, and the butterflies, but also the plants, with their leaves, buds, flowers, and fruits, and the commonest herbage, as sharing in the universal gift of enjoyment. We must learn the same lesson.

The eye, it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they lie,
Against or with our will.

Not less I deem that there are powers,
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
With a wise passiveness.

Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

And so, when the favourable moment comes, he breaks out with his declaration—

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth;
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts shall make,
Which they shall long obey;
We for the years to come may take
The temper of to-day.



1. Grandpapa had promised Tommy a pet. Dealer.—“A very genteel monkey, Sir!”
 2. Monkey arrives home, but displays great aversion to everyone.
 3. Except Tommy, in whom it recognises a kindred spirit.

4. Mama feels a little nervous at first.
 5. Domestic.—“If yer please ‘m, I can’t stop in the ‘ouse with that there monkey!”
 6. Grandpapa takes a nap; the monkey investigates.

7. Everybody always admired Grandpapa’s curls so much!
 8. A fearful awakening.
 9. Any port in a storm.
 10. Brought to book.
 11. Sentence of banishment.
 12. “Should auld acquaintance be forgot?”



SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT.
DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

NOVELS.

The art of story-telling, unfortunately, is not conspicuous in *Trajan*, by Henry F. Keenan (Cassell and Company), else a very notable novel would have been accomplished by the author. As things are, it must be taken piece-meal; and then piece after piece may be found in which a scene, or a description, or a conversation, or an exposition of character, or a subtle appreciation of motives, or an original conception, or a striking opinion, or a well-contrived situation, or a picturesque arrangement of colours, will challenge admiration, and will not challenge it in vain. The scene is laid principally in Paris, with which the writer appears to be very familiar; and the story opens with a description of the spectacle presented when the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress, and the Prince Imperial issued together—for the last time in their lives—from the gates of the Tuileries for what the newspapers, speaking of royal or Imperial personages as if they were so much damp linen, are pleased to term an "airing" in state. The attention of the Empress is attracted by the theatrical attitude and Byronic demerour of a certain young man, about whom she evidently says something to the Emperor, so that the young man is proudly conscious of being for a moment under the inquiring gaze of four Imperial eyes. He is an American; and it may be supposed that, "like a free American, he spat upon the ground"; but he did nothing so unpoetical, "his pale cheeks flushed and his eyes darkened, while the lines of his mouth deepened with a shade of the malign; but the eyes glittered unshrinkingly under the ordeal." At the pace at which the Imperial carriage went, the ordeal was, of course, very short; and the Yankee—who, we are evidently to understand, presided, as it were, over the destinies of the Third Napoleon, or acted the part of soothsayer, in a manner, to the Emperor's Julius Cæsar—was at liberty to strut up to a stone "sphinx" and, "with a half-suppressed mocking laugh," address it in the melodramatic fashion, saying: "You, at least, do not add hypocrisy to servile baseness. You do not shout for Cæsar." If he could have pointed out any graven image that did, then, indeed, he would have made a remarkable discovery. However, he drew upon himself (as, no doubt, he rejoiced in his Republican heart to do) the notice of "a neighbouring gendarme on duty," who promptly demanded his name and address, which he, though his "lips curled somewhat disdainfully," as promptly made known in the words "Trajan Gray, painter, Rue Dragon, 29." Here, then, is the secret of the tale revealed; the novel is not founded upon some episode of ancient history with a Roman emperor for hero, but upon a piece of very modern history with a young American painter for hero. Indeed, American are nearly all the personages, whose fortunes the reader is invited to follow; and what the writer seems to have had in view to some considerable extent is to show how the travelling Americans, whose name is legion, manage to mix themselves up with affairs which are no concern of theirs, and, in consequence of their national peculiarities and Republican sentiments and usages, find themselves entangled with disagreeable compatriots whom they would very much rather have avoided. It is scarcely necessary to say that Trajan Gray gets involved in "the Commune"; but why, at the outset, he should have taken the trouble to pose in that theatrical manner which is represented to have startled the Emperor and Empress, and to deliver his Byronic address to the creature of stone, is not easy to comprehend, since, when he first appears, he is contemplating suicide, not for political reasons, nor on account of poverty (though he does pick up bread that was intended for birds and eat it), nor even from want of success, but for a treacherous young woman's sake; and to the love-sick contemplator of suicide the political and other business of the world is of little consequence. The treacherous young woman, by-the-way, is the gem, though a very dangerous gem, of the story. She is heartless, perhaps, but she is assuredly not passionless, though she can keep her passions subject to her interests; she is beautiful, seductive, witty, cleverer and more worldly than Becky Sharp, of the same moral type as that celebrated governess, but of higher social position and of greater refinement and culture. The story, as has been hinted, is more than a little tedious, taken continuously; it should be laid aside after a while, and resumed at intervals; then, unless an irritable reader should go mad over the American spelling and the misprints or blunders in the

French phrases, the book will, no doubt, be accounted creditable throughout, admirable in parts, and sometimes really splendid.

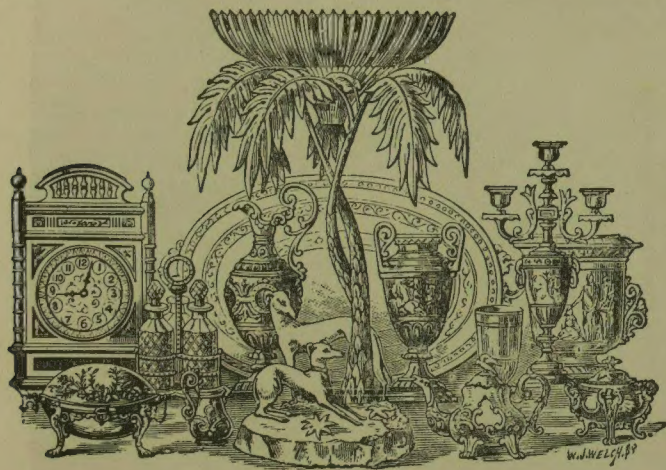
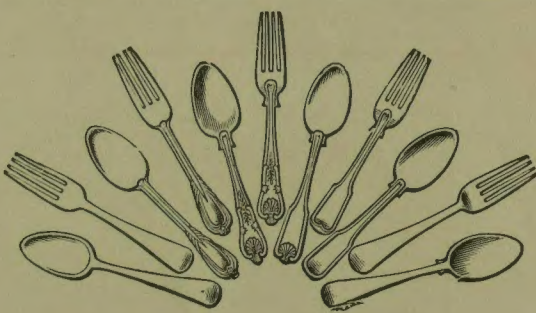
A good, quiet, uneventful, but pretty and touching novel, with some excellent portraiture, is *A Simple Life*: by Lady Hope (Hurst and Blackett), as pretty and unpretentious, though wordy and goody-goody withal, as the "gentian" from which the heroine derives her name. Farmer Caldwell and his wife are supposed to have a daughter, whose name is Gentian; but there has always been something different in their way of treating her from the way in which they treat or have treated their other children. There is evidently something mysterious about her; and at last the mystery is cleared up by means of a locket and chain, a cloak with massive clasps, a brooch with a monogram (the monogram of Lord Malyon and his family), and, concealed in the lining of the cloak, a document setting forth that the owner who had wrapped it round her child was Helen Malyon, "the lawful wife and widow of the Hon. Captain Malyon—Herbert his Christian name." Now this Captain Malyon, in days gone by when the story commences, had made love to a certain Susan, who became Mrs. Caldwell, and Susan had loved him passing well. But the prudent Captain, acting with a reason and discretion beyond his years, his sex, and his gallant profession, had listened to the voice of his family, had said or had omitted to say good-bye to Susan, but at any rate "had gone away and never come again." The lynx-eyed reader will see at once how things came to pass; how Helen Malyon was shipwrecked and drowned; how her little daughter with the cloak, &c., was saved; how Mrs. Caldwell, recognising "the eyes" of the gallant Captain in his babe, to say nothing of the monogram and the other matters, and being still under the influence of her first love, received the half-drowned infant into her bosom and brought it up as her own child; and how, at last, Gentian naturally gravitated towards her own rank and gave her hand as well as her heart (which latter is believed to be of minor consequence in the "upper circles") to a noble lord. To tell this tale in the manner in which it is told—that is, with the few incidents and with the meagre plot accorded to it—was an affair of but one volume; and, therefore, to complete the full number of three volumes, the touching sketch of the Lady Celia, the skilful portrait of the Lady Radinice, and other more or less charming but superfluous pictures, together with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and a modicum of religious dialogue, were introduced after the usual fashion of experienced novelists.

A vivacious but crude account of what was done and suffered during his early life by a born vulgar blackguard—and that is a pretty fair description of the story contained in *A Regular Pickle*: by Henry W. Nesfield (George Redway)—may not appear a very appetising dish to set before the public; but, on the other hand, it is held by many good authorities that plain unvarnished truth, especially in sketches of persons who have been distinguished for the moral obliquity of their life, is always attractive; and there can be no doubt that this volume, though it has no pretensions whatever as a specimen of literature or as an example of ingenious plot or elaborate construction, tells in blunt fashion a sad tale which many a heart-broken parent and many a repentant prodigal, whose repentance perhaps has come too late to procure him forgiveness or enable him to escape from the consequences of his folly and worse than folly, will admit to be as true as it unfortunately is common-place. In the character of Squire Tregauntly, however, the author has drawn an excellent rough portrait of such an English gentleman as is not rare among us, thank goodness, and such as it is always a pleasure to meet; and in the characters of Mr. Hardy, the "crammer," and of Mr. Lambert, the "coach" he employs, we have a couple of slight but lifelike and agreeable pieces of portraiture. The author, moreover, seems to have had some personal experience of Egypt and Australia; and the knowledge thus acquired, or by whatever means acquired, is turned to good account. Whether he had in view any object beyond the desire of amusing some readers and warning others by the picture he has presented, there is no saying; but it is possible that he intended to give an illustration of the wonderful workings of Nature, of the hopelessness of endeavouring to contend against innate depravity, which, like a cold, will run its course, with the usual accessories, until it

brings on some fatal complaint, or wears itself out and leaves the sufferer apparently none the worse. It may be that the author has a theory about the connection between physical and moral distortion; and that as the "pickle," Archibald Highton Tregauntly, was born "extremely knock-kneed," he was bound, for all his intellectual quickness and musical ability, to be a liar, a sneak, a coward, a drunkard, a swindler, a common contemptible cur. But all this is mere conjecture; and it is conjecture, too, whether, when he was rescued by his worthy father and foolish mother from the life of "nigger minstrel" to which he was reduced in Australia, his knees had become straight and his moral nature correspondingly rectified.

There is some powerful character-drawing, and there are a few very striking scenes in the two volumes entitled *The Old Corner House*: by L. H. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), and the novel is likely to meet with acceptance among a certain class of readers, although there is not much that is pleasing about it. A disgustingly selfish and unfatherly father, made a little in the image of "my awful dad," has two daughters, as different in their moral characteristics as light from darkness. Their mother, an Italian by birth, is dead. Lina, the elder of the two sisters, is attractive; but Olive, the younger, with something of her mother's Italian style, is quite beautiful. Their father, the widower, a handsome, dissipated man, who inherited a large fortune of which he soon made ducks and drakes, and has become impoverished and indebted, is anxious to get his two troublesome daughters married to money, that he not only may be rid of them but may sponge upon them for the where-withal to continue his dissolute career. He succeeds with Olive, who has a worldly nature, has been brought up at a bad sort of boarding school, and has imbibed cynical sentiments; but the angelic Lina is not to be so disposed of. Olive marries a rich man whom she dislikes, but who, when he marries her, turns over a new leaf and becomes from a mere selfish voluptuary a comparatively respectable and even admirable person; whilst Olive, on the other hand, goes from bad to worse, and shows symptoms of an inclination to relieve the burden of her marriage in the manner illustrated if not advocated in many popular French novels. She at any rate carries on a desperate flirtation with her elderly husband's younger and handsomer cousin and heir; and, though she does nothing of which the Divorce Court could take cognisance, a fearful catastrophe ensues. In leading up to this catastrophe, and in describing the sequel of it, the writer displays no little ability, and exercises no little command over the reader's interest and sympathies: the series of scenes, indeed, is very well managed and effectively depicted. Beyond this there is nothing remarkable in the story, which, however, contains some very lively dialogue, and a fairly interesting exposition of the contrast which may be exhibited by two daughters of the same father and mother: for Lina is a model of all that is sound and true, Olive a shocking example of all that is hollow and false in human nature. It must be admitted, however, that Olive's natural proclivities had been greatly assisted by the education she had received, and, under more favourable circumstances, might have been checked, if not altogether extinguished. For she plainly had in her a spark of goodness which might have been fanned into a purifying fire.

A massive alabaster font has been placed in Carshalton church, in memory of the Rev. W. A. B. Cator, for nearly forty years Rector of the parish.—Mr. John Rutson, of Nunington Hall, has given a new organ and a handsome marble reredos to the ancient parish church of Nunington, Yorkshire.—At Bicester parish church, recently, the Rev. J. C. Bloomfield dedicated to the memory of the late General Gordon a handsome stained-glass window, which has been placed in the choir chapel.—An exceptionally fine specimen of Munich glass has been presented to the parish church of Kington, Herefordshire, in memory of the late Dr. G. Foote. It is a four-light window, situated at the east end of the south aisle, and represents the appropriate subject of "Christ Healing the Sick." The work has been designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.—A handsome stained-glass window of four lights, executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, has been placed in the north transept of Sopley church, Hampshire, by Lieutenant-General Sir G. H. Willis, K.C.B., as a thank-offering to Almighty God for his preservation and success in the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

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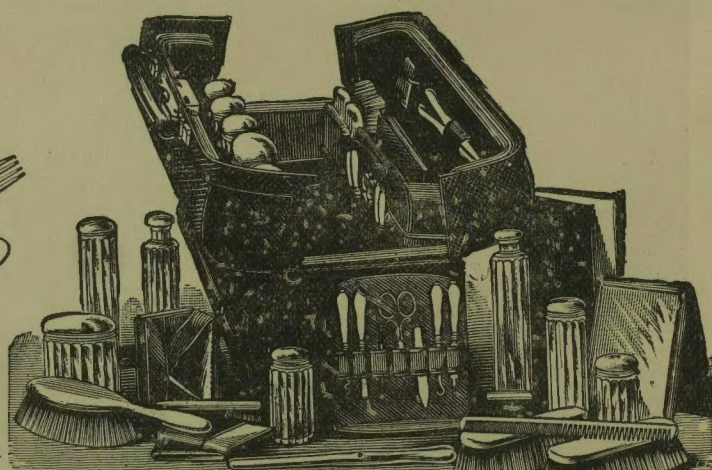
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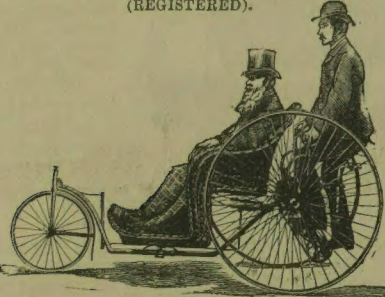
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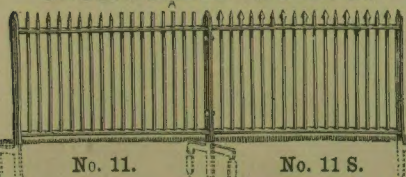


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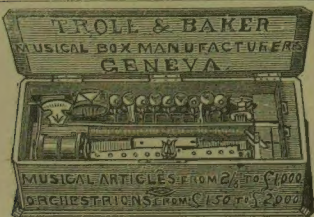
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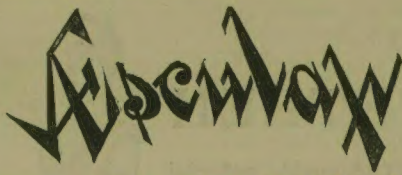


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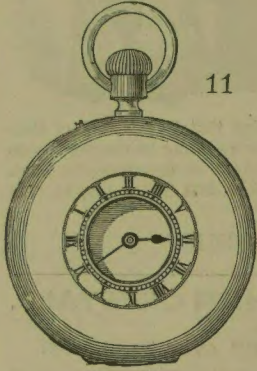
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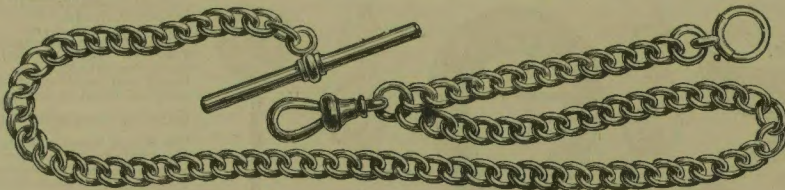


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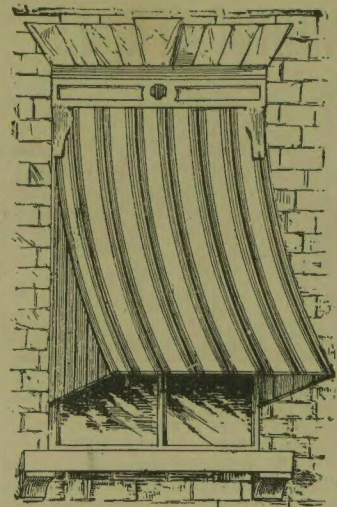
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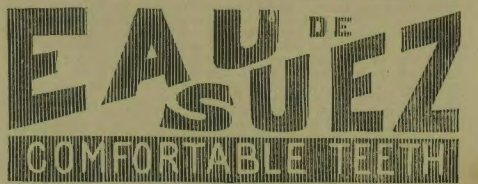
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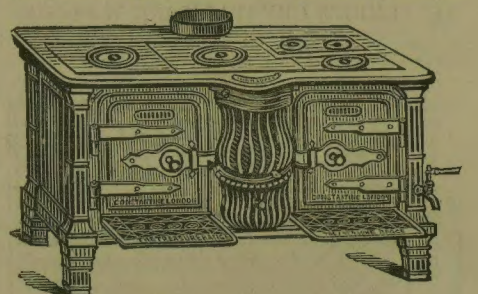


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